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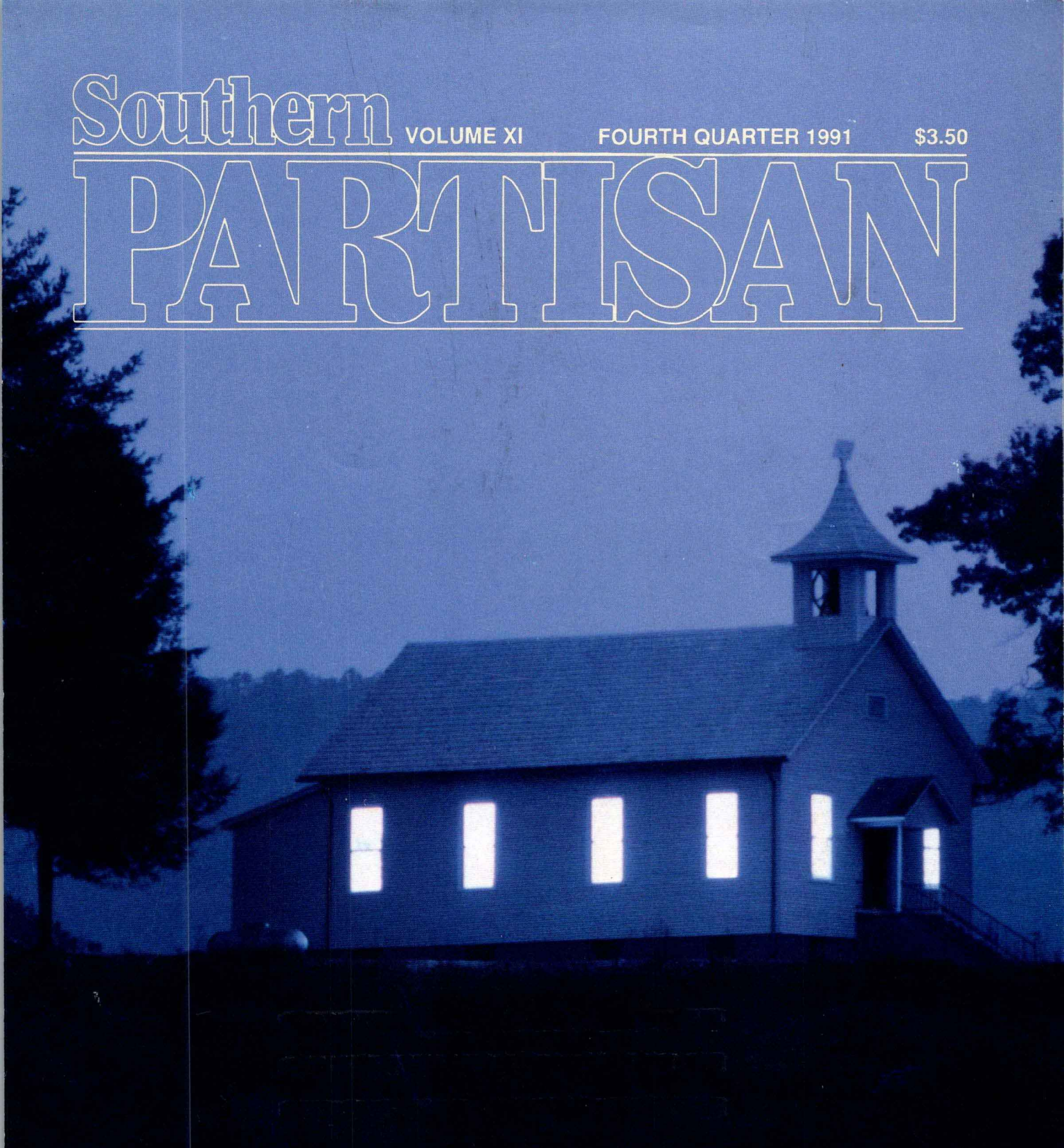

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by M. E. Bradford

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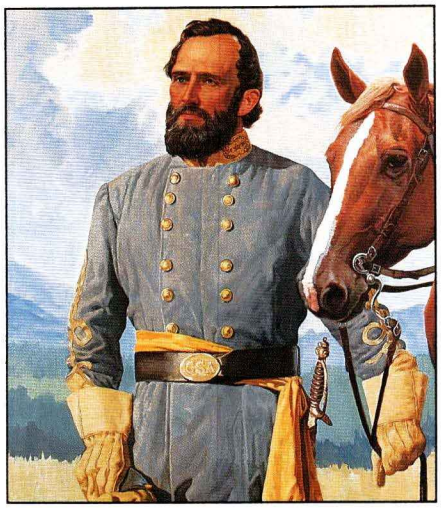

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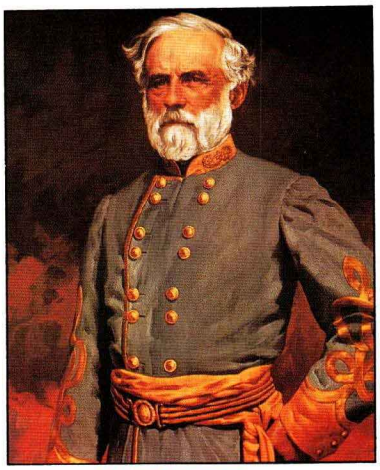

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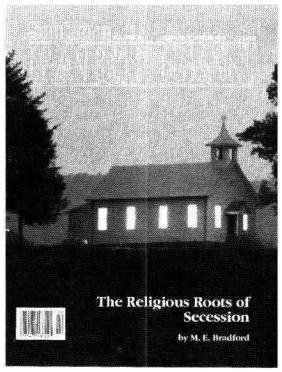


OUR COVER

The Theology of Secession. By 1860, the South had already begun to think differently from those states carried by the Republican ticket in that year's presidential election. Our great-grandfathers knew the most important reason for this divergence. M.E. Bradford states it so simply even a Yankee can understand.

COLUMNS AND DEPARTMENTS

2 PARTISAN LETTERS

5 TRIVIUM
Matthew Sandel

6 PARTISAN VIEW
Richard Quinn

8 FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES
Gordon Jackson

9 OBITER DICTA

12 PARTISAN 'TOONS

43 SOUTHERN SAMPLER
William Freehoff

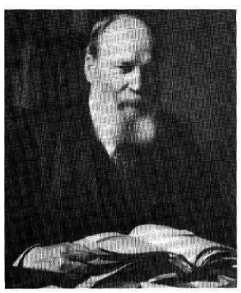
ANGUISHED ENGLISH
Richard Lederer

52 BOOKNOTES

56 CLASSIFIED

26 **The Lincoln Revolution Continues: the Partnership of Government and Business** / Murrray Rothbard locates the origins of modern American statism and big government---reckless English Kings and a railsplitter named Abraham.

28 **Restoration Series: The Creed of the Old South** / B. L. Gildersleeve was not only America's finest Classicist, he was an able soldier with the pen and the musket.



32 **Partisan Conversation:** Michael Montgomery provides the second installment of our series on Southern Speech, answering one of the more important questions of our time: "Will the Southern Accent Survive?"

36 **Southern Sons at Westpoint, 1861** / Bryant Burroughs chronicles life at the USMA for Southern seniors in the heady spring of 1861.

SHORT STORIES / TALL TALES

44 **Winter at Greenpoint** / C. M. Bissell takes us back to the South of the '30s, where a good life consisted of a whole lot of joy, sorrow, happiness, misery, laughter, and tears all mixed up together.

CRITICUS

48 **Criticus: Living Southern Toxic Waste and Other Home Recipes** / Crawfish Hunter hopes there is more than one way to a man's heart.

50 **Criticus: Books 20/20 Moral Hindsight** / Charles Goolsby finds that Gilbert Fite, though not without sin, is quick to cast the first stone at Dick Russell.

Cover Illustration: Church in Eastern Tennessee from the book *South*, photography by Bill Weems (Graphic Arts Center Publishing Company). Used by permission of Bill Weems Photography.

PARTISAN LETTERS

Southern PARTISAN

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THOMAS TERRIBLE

Gentlemen:

I was deeply disturbed by the overwhelming support the *Southern Partisan* gave Clarence Thomas in the Third Quarter issue.

Thomas is nothing more than a political opportunist who has benefitted immensely from racial hypocrisy and tokenism. He has advanced through a network of quotas and entitlements he claims to disdain. He touts his own self-reliance, yet he beat the racism drum before Senate and press with the same fervor as Jesse Jackson. He is clearly unqualified for a position on the Supreme Court yet his qualifications were never seriously disputed.

Thomas is a living legacy of Reconstruction politics and he will ultimately display a baleful disregard for the conservative agenda he so recently espoused.

Thomas has no Southern qualities and therefore deserves no Southern sympathies.

William Rolen
Memphis, Tennessee

GIVE A LITTLE

Gentlemen:

Thank you for another excellent (Third Quarter) issue. In particular, I commend Charles Goolsby's article on Jews in the South.

I recall my father telling me about a fellow attorney in the federal government who was a Jew raised in the 1920s in a small town in Mississippi where there were not enough Jews to form a minyan, let alone support a synagogue. His family travelled to the city for the major holy day observances, but he was encouraged by his family to attend sunday school at a local Protestant church where he was cordially received. On occassions when his father felt the need of hearing God's word, he would attend worship services at that church and the pastor would considerately take his text from the Old Testament.

Despite the rantings of David Duke and other ravers in bedsheets who have dishonored the memory of General Forrest by calling themselves Klansmen, something of this tradition of civility survives.

One reason may be the prominent place which Israel continues to occupy in the theology of many prominent Southern preachers. Another, I suspect, is the fierce individualism of the South which recognizes that to get space for yourself, you have to give space to others.

J. Keen Holland
Lenhartsville, Pennsylvania

NORTHERNMOST SOUTHERN

New Jersey has many ties to the South. Did you know, for instance, that the southernmost tip of the Garden State at Cape May is actually farther South than Baltimore, Maryland and Leesburg, Virginia? (Were the Mason-Dixon line extended, it would pass within a mile of my home.) Are you also aware that there is a Confederate Cemetery in Salem County, South Jersey? It's true. Finn's Point National Cemetery contains the graves of 2,346 Confederate soldiers who died while prisoners of war at Fort Delaware. Though the individual graves are unmarked, there is a monument to the Confederate soldiers who died while in the service of their country.

Politically, New Jersey and especially South Jersey held Southern sympathies during the 1860s. When the War began, New Jersey flirted with the idea of secession. Deciding against that course, the State's leaders sought to allow the South to leave the Union in peace. Abraham Lincoln lost New Jersey in both the 1860 and 1864 presidential elections (by 4,500 votes in 1860 and 7,300 votes in 1864). Lincoln, by the way, carried *all other* Northern states. And though thousands of soldiers from New Jersey served in the Union army,

several hundred went South and enlisted in the Confederate ranks. On August 2, 1862, the *New York Times* reported that "in no other Free State are disloyal utterances so frequent or so bold as in New Jersey." Clearly, this was a State with divided loyalties.

Because New Jersey did not join the Confederacy, many of the facts cited above have been forgotten. New Jersey is thought of as just another Northern state. But it just was *not* and *is* not true.

Mark R. Brewer
Pitman, New Jersey

Editor's Note: Mr. Brewer is a member of the 4th Texas reenactment unit, a group made up of individuals from South Jersey. He wrote "Inside the Mind of John Wilkes Booth" for our Second Quarter, 1990 issue.

GREATER DIXIE?

Gentlemen:

I continue to see in *Southern Partisan* Oklahoma and Maryland as part of the CSA. Could you please explain this reasoning to me? As far as I understand it, neither Oklahoma nor Maryland became part of the Confederate States of America–Maryland didn't want to and Oklahoma was Indian Territory.

Patrick Pressley
Jackson, Mississippi

Editors Note: By including Maryland, we honor a state which would have seceded had Mr. Lincoln not moved against its legislature. We include Oklahoma to honor the Confederate Indians of Oklahoma who sat in the Confederate Congress and fought bravely at the Battle of Honey Springs.

SCALAWAGS GALORE

Gentlemen:

The Scalawag Award should go to the following: The White House of the Confederacy Museum for putting up the terrible slave exhibit, which is contrary to everything your magazine teaches. (The National Endowment for the Humanities gave the $250,000, [to tell only] the horrors of slavery and none of the truths)

Of course Ken Burns and Shelby Foote are both disgraceful. With all the lies they told in "The Civil War" on PBS, I don't see how they can hold their heads up.

Sally Ann Board
Culpepper, Virginia

SECESSION 1860 VS. 1992

Gentlemen:

With no loss of life, as of this writing, the people of the Soviet Republics should be thankful Abraham Lincoln was not their president.

The other side of that coin is it's unfortunate that Mikhail Gorbachev was not elected president in the United States in 1860.

Think about them apples.

Richard H. Barry
Chiefland, Florida

MELTING POT

Gentlemen:

I would like to briefly comment on the article "Outside the Melting Pot" by Patrick Brophy in the Second Quarter issue of 1991, page 34. I found his article interesting, but Mr. Brophy makes several passing statements about Southerners being of "Anglo-Saxon" origin and having an "Anglo-Saxon" heritage. I always believed we were of Celtic origin, a very distinct culture, if not race, from the Anglo-Saxons.

Timothy D. Hudson
Bryan, Texas

Editor's Note: Please see "The Celt As Southern," Third Quarter 1991 Southern Partisan. This point of view should by more to your liking.

SECOND HOME, CSA

Gentlemen:

I am a Prussian first - and second a German. A Prussian was the Chief of Staff in the Cavalry Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. His name was Col. Heros von Borcke. He was loved by JEB Stuart, Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee! As Stuart said, he was one of the best of the Confederate States Army!

My heart is "German/Prussia/ Confederate," [and] my second homeland is the Confederate States of America.

Wilfried Ott
Offenbach, Federal Republic of Germany

LAST LAUGH

Gentlemen:

After all of the gnashing of teeth, the San Antonio School District board of trustees has now made a decision. Jefferson Davis Middle School will be known hereafter as the S.J. Davis Middle School, after the first black trustee to ever serve on the school board. S.J. Davis served from 1968 to 1972 and died in 1982. When his widow was recently contacted for comment on the board's action, she replied that she was proud that he had not been forgotten after ten years and that "S.J." stood for "Stonewall Jackson Davis." Don't you just love it when a plan comes together!

Warner D. Farr
San Antonio, Texas

WEIRD SMOKE

Gentlemen:

I subscribed to your magazine because it was being advertised as "dedicated to preserving Southern Culture." Thus far I have been delighted with its content and commitment to truth, honor, courage, history and principle. However I take exception to your article titled "Weird Politics," in the Obiter Dicta section of the Second Quarter Issue, 1991. Granted the article about the swine who produce toxic waste and dump it in the South is certainly relevant to "preserving Southern Culture." But the part about the tobacco industry being a "vital part of the Southern regional economy" is reprehensible.

Mike Kirk
St. Louis, Missouri

RICH MAN'S WAR, POOR MAN'S FIGHT: A RESPONSE

Editor's Note: The cover story for the First Quarter, 1991 Southern Partisan *has stimulated a great deal of response. So much that we are unable to publish all the letters we have received. In a slight departure from our usual letters policy, we print below excerpts from a 22-page response which seems to represent the voluminous correspondence stimulated by Mr. Ford's article.*

Gentlemen:

Following the arrival of the First Quarter 1991 *SP*, I came to the conclusion that I must be sadly deficient in intelligence and imagination alike; for having now read "Rich Man's War: Poor Man's Fight" by Jesse Hill Ford three times all over, I neither understand whatever point the article tries to make...nor can I fathom what mysterious workings of Providence are responsible for its inclusion in the pages of a magazine dedicated to the defense of the Southern tradition.

Mr. Ford begins by informing us that he has spent five long years exploring "the life dream of the South from 1820 through 1870," to which one is tempted to add the uncharitable comment that perhaps it was five years altogether too d---- many; and as the result of this intense labor he produces a piece of writing which is as scholarly as if he had sat down and described for us the history and the sacred core of Christianity by confining himself to a few quips about the Spanish Inquisition, the English witch hunts and the various misdeeds of today's televangelists.

One would have to be singularly dense not to realize that, if you accept Mr. Ford's premises, the War Between the States was simply "a tale told by an idiot." It had no meaning whatever. Any suggestion that that bloody struggle just possibly might have embodied the defense of a spiritual and political heritage, unique and dear to Western man, and profoundly important to all the ages yet to come, has been reduced to a sentimental extravaganza.

...Mr. Ford opines, with nary a blush, "Defeat did not make the South noble...The widows of Confederates who died poor did what they could to survive. The result was wholesale prostitution." ...[I]t was this piece of (what strikes me as) sheerly gratuitous vileness that raised my hackles enough to send me pecking at my rusty typewriter. The Southern women had to endure much; they should be at least spared a blasphemous and unjustified calumny. ...I do not know on the ground of what nameless sources Mr. Ford managed to reach his gloomy verdict on the moral backbone of the Southern womanhood; but it could not be derived from any Southern testimony. We have plenty of documents and narrations dating from the Reconstruction era, and the picture they convey has approximately as much in common with Mr. Ford's dismal portrait as an Appaloosa filly has with a seahorse.

For anyone interested in the South's reaction to its defeat, but lacking the time for an original research, Richard M. Weaver's *The Southern Tradition At Bay* offers a fine starting point. "Opinion," writes Weaver, "is virtually unanimous that (women) formed the backbone of the Confederacy; from the thoughtless belle in her teens who asked her lover to 'kill me a Yankee,' to the mature matron, who knew all the arts of heartening the discouraged male, the women of the Confederacy showed a united front of sentiment such as has been rarely manifested in any population. It is a fact noteworthy in the history of the Southern people, moreover, that their loyalty did not wane in the years of defeat. With exceptions too few to be noted, the Southern women did not smile upon the winner; the pomp and circumstance of victory did not endear the Yankee to them; and they busied themselves not only with rebuilding a broken homeland but also with encouraging Southern nationalism."

In short, the Southern women...set about to splice and mend the torn fabric of existence; but did so with yet a greater vigor and a far clearer perception of their goals, for with their inexhaustible piety, with their profound understanding of the timeless laws of the good life, the Southern women had drunk much more deeply from the pure spring of all moral actions. And they had neither the time, nor the inclination, for the ignoble follies of "wholesale prostitution": that is Mr. Ford's personal phantasmagoria.

Perhaps I have spent too much space on Mr. Ford's egregious slur of "wholesale prostitution," [but] it cannot be stressed often enough that when you stain its women with shame, you steal a nation's soul; for women are the guardians of the permanent norms. It is they, rather than men, who maintain and transmit - within the family - from generation to generation the basic, unspoken values of a people, by which the society lives, and of which the visible cultural and political forms are only the shell.

The boys in gray no doubt fought for the full political independence of Dixie; but the Confederate Battle Flag stood, and continues to stand, for other things: for timeless truths, for the principles of order and class, for a hierarchy of values, for excellence, for a tolerable and varied life, for a sense of continuity, for the family and for the right to one's property, for blood against the machine, for the people, the folk, against the Lonely Crowd, for the rule of the best (or anyhow the middling good) against the rule of the demagogues, for community against the masses, for the cultivated garden and the wild woods against the asphalt patch, for the small, concrete graces and delights of life against the dreary, universal generalizations of the social planners with their commitment to global egalitarianism, for meta- physical roots against a mindless drift, for actual, local liberties against abstract, centralized power; and ultimately for God against the dark dreams of Hell.

Perhaps I have used Mr. Ford badly. Perhaps I have entirely misunderstood him. If so, I sincerely apologize. But I do not think that, if such is the case, the fault rests exclusively with me. In any case, thank you for your patience with the ruminations of a Polish-born Copperhead.

Sidney Krupicka
Riverside, California

TRIVIUM

by Matthew Sandel

Tom Landess is on leave from the Partisan while occupying a post with the government in Washington. Matthew Sandel will be standing in for our Associate Editor during his absence.

The Palm Beach Story

As everyone expected, after a reputed $1 Million defense, Willie Smith was acquitted. The sordidness of the incident became increasingly evident as the trial unfolded, particularly after Senator Edward Kennedy's testimony.

Note how few liberal and feminist voices were raised in support of the victim's charge that she had been raped. Mostly there was silence on this subject–in marked contrast to the support Anita Hill received from the entire media establishment. Among those few liberal commentators who did discuss the trial, hard-core feminist Ellen Goodman was typical. She saw in the case not the usual black and white scenario of macho man versus victimized woman, but instead "a giant gray spot" --"another happy, unseemly and riveting conversation piece." She was willing to use the episode to talk about "the fear of sexual violence;" but she avoided the conclusion, obvious to some of us, that the rising incidence of sexual violence against women is the result of the new "freedom" that feminists like Ms. Goodman have advocated, the kind of licence most unambiguously embodied by the Kennedys themselves.

The legend of these vulgar and self-indulgent men is chronicled for all to read. Gloria Swanson and Truman Capote relate talk about the rapaciousness of old Joe Kennedy. More than one recent book has catalogued the extravagant adulteries of JFK and Bobby. Teddy's recent sexual adventures on shipdeck and in a public restaurant have been the subject of widespread commentary.

These are not the randy rightwingers and "good old boys" of television drama. The Kennedys are the high gods of the American Left, the prophets of feminism, the golden lads of egalitarianism and sensitivity. If you were to ask the feminists to name their greatest champion in the U.S. Senate, many would undoubtedly choose Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts. These women believe in the meretricious myth of Camelot. They think the Kennedys have helped to free America from its Judeo-Christian shackles and bring its people to the threshold of the millennium. Yet even at this decade of imminent triumph, they stare uncomfortably at the Willie Smith trial and worry, as Ellen Goodman puts it, about the "chill in the campus air, the threat in the garage late at night." While ignoring the sexual histories of the Kennedy men, they denounce machismo and rape.

Yet rape is symptomatic of the breakdown in the relationship between the sexes that has been promoted so fiercely by the feminists, who want to be identical with men in their sexual freedom, yet different in the protection afforded them by law. Such protection is the product of an earlier time, when our Judeo-Christian society recognized the essential differences between the sexual roles of men and women and vested in women the primary responsibility to maintain the sanctity of sexual relations and the marriage bed. In order to help carry out that responsibility, society passed tough laws against rapists and enforced those laws with strict penalties, including capital punishment.

Yet women today in increasing numbers flout traditional sexual rules and condone greater and greater sexual licence.

Responding to a recent poll conducted by UCLA and the American Council for Education ("The American Freshman: Twenty-Five Year Trends, 1990")

- 38% of women agreed with the statement: "If two people really like each other , it's all right for them to have sex even if they've known each other for a very short time." That's up eight percent from the 1974 figure.
- Women's magazines like *Cosmopolitan* are full of articles promoting promiscuity among women, a way of affirming their parity with the men who buy *Playboy* and believe in casual or "recreational" sex.
- And as if to symbolize their new tolerance of sexual licence, the National Organization of Women (NOW) had elected a president who is both married and has a lesbian lover.

Rape will continue to increase in this country as long as society in general, and women in particular, promote the idea that both sexes should be equally uninhibited, equally promiscuous, equally self-indulgent. If any kind of equality make sense, it is the idea that men and women should be equally chaste, equally honorable, equally willing to reserve sexuality for marriage.

But it is the feminists, along with the homosexuals, who have rejected marriage as the normative relationship for human beings. For them, marriage is outmoded and degrading, an invention of men to enslave women. Ironic that so many of the Kennedys have manifested a similar contempt for marriage and have ignored its strictures when pleasure beckoned.

We live in the mauve decade of liberalism, when all its propositions are turning into painful self-parody, when its defenders in the press and in the classroom renounce civilized discourse in favor of tyranny, and when its champions are blowsy monarchs and spoiled young princes. For the rest of their days the feminists will have to live with the spectacle of this increasing decay; and if there's any justice in this world, Ellen Goodman will find herself forever locked in a room full of Kennedys, doomed to depend on their liberal sensibilities for whatever dignity she may hope to salvage in Eternity. Of course, if there's any mercy, she will find herself in a room full of her political adversaries, who will rise when she enters the room, call her "ma'am," and make certain she never hears an off-color remark. ✪

PARTISAN VIEW

LEE thread of memory in the South

by Paul Greenberg

Note: Richard Quinn has taken a leave of absence from this page, through November of 1992, while he offers political consultation to several Southerners who are seeking high office in the election this year. Meanwhile a variety of guest articles will give us a Partisan view. Paul Greenburg's column appeared January 19.

On this day, Lee's Birthday, I take my text not from Douglas Southall Freeman's biography, or James G. Randall's history, or Stephen Vincent Benet's poetry. No, this year's text comes from a Southern novel published a few years back–not Faulkner or Wolfe or O'Connor, but the kind of fair-to-middling book that arrives by the bushel in these latitudes, where literature is as expected as the cotton crop.

Nancy Lemann's *Lives of the Saints* is set in New Orleans. The heroine-narrator thinks one night about the source of whatever strength she has:

"There was some sort of jazz revolution going on in Armstrong Park. There were rickety old black men in pink ruffled suits with jazz umbrellas, dancing for the crowd–and you felt that if at least you were near to people like that, then maybe you were not weak, if you could even be near to such as them."

It is a thought not wholly unlike that of the young officer in "John Brown's Body" who hesitates outside Lee's tent. Looking at the unmoving, alabaster figure within, and knowing that The War is winding inevitably, unmistakably down, he thinks: "What keeps us going on? I wish I knew. Perhaps you see a man like that go on, and then you have to follow."

The Lost Cause, like many other, has its doctrines and shrines. For four terrible and exhilarating years, it even had a flag and an army and something of a government. But in the end all those are only transient reflections of what endures: the people. So long as there are Southerners, the yet may be a South. "... And you felt that if at least you were near to people like that, then maybe you were not weak, if you could even be near to such as them."

There are many Souths, but the single person who unites and elevates them all is the one who did when the Army of Northern Virginia marched. The name of Robert E. Lee waxes and wanes in the academic histories like some planetary body–but it is always there, above. His name, fruitful or fallow in its seasons has become like the ever-rich Southland itself, holding us together, underlying hope, burying sorrow.

The land. Lee could no more abandon it than he could the people. Here the land is memory. It is the first keening knowledge of the world everlasting. It is the inspiration of the one sure Southern characteristic: a sense of place. "I swear," says the heroine in *Lives of the Saints*, "when it comes to the place you are from, even the dirt looks different. For even the roots of the oak trees in Audubon Park make strange music to me, in a town which is gentle to the bottom of its bones and which is far form peril."

The South has been imperiled by a far greater threat than mere invasion. She has had to come to terms with modernity. If the South survives, it is because she has remembered enough, and forgotten enough, and risen above it all, like Lee himself.

"I anticipate no greater calamity for the country than the dissolution of the Union." Those are the words not of Abraham Lincoln in January of 1861, but of Col. Robert E. Lee, U.S. Army, writing to his son from his post in Texas. Yet he could not turn his back on his country, which to Robert E. Lee could mean only Virginia. He would "sacrifice everything but honor" to preserve the Union, he wrote his son, and in the end he would sacrifice everything but honor fighting against it: his family's happiness, his health, his beloved Arlington, his own part of the land. And he did with such simplicity–without a whimper, in the practiced knowledge that duty would be enough. Because duty is more than duty; it is strength and solace and sanctuary. He taught us that.

He was the same at Chancellorsville as at Gettysburg, in victory and defeat, masterful at everything over which he had some control, unperturbed by what he could not affect. Robert E. Lee did not boast of victory, or

blame others for defeat. He once did have to tell one of his officers who was notorious for having the slows: "General, I have sometimes to admonish Gen. Stuart or Gen. Gordon against being too fast. I shall never have occasion to find that fault with you." That was Lee's ever-diplomatic way.

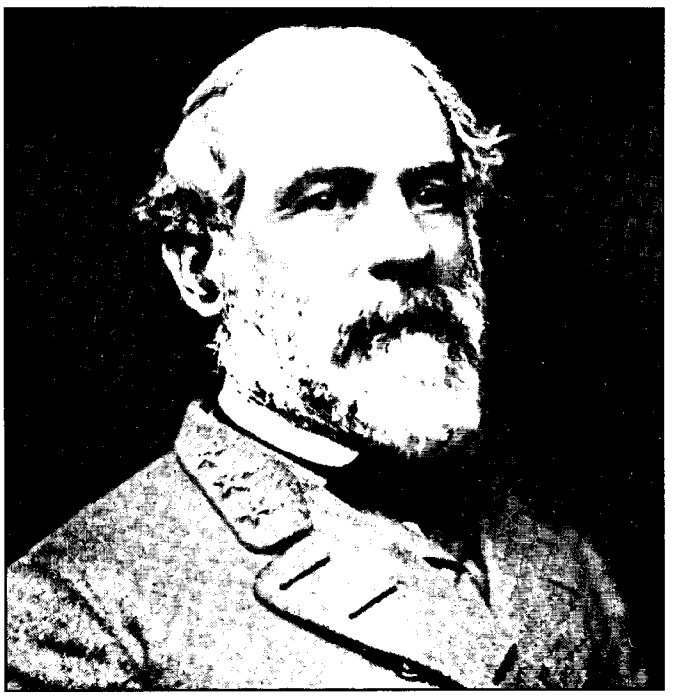
Later, when his army was being starved, one of his subordinates came up with a bright idea: "If I were in command of this army," he said, "I would notify Gen. Grant that, inasmuch as he had sent cavalry to the rear and destroyed our rations, I should not give his prisoners whom we hold a morsel of food, and if he wanted to save them from starvation, he would have to send rations here to them!"

Without breaking stride, Lee responded: "The prisoners that we have here, General, are my prisoners; they are not Gen. Grant's prisoners, and as long as I have any rations at all, I shall divide them with my prisoners." That was Lee.

Shortly after the General learned that his beloved Arlington had been confiscated, one of his attaches, a Col. Ross, offered his sympathy–but was cut short. "That I can easily understand," he told the young officer, "and for that I don't care; but I do feel sorry for the poor creatures I see here, starved and driven from their homes for no reason whatsoever." It was the North's war against civilians, which in modern times is called strategy, that he could not abide.

According to Douglas Southall Freeman, the most exhaustive of his biographers, the devastation wreaked upon the innocent was the source of "the one touch of feeling that he ever exhibited toward the enemy."

After it was over, the South came to love him all the more, as if she knew that defeat was not defeat if shared with Lee, but a victory of a different, more



lasting order. "The halls of the plantation" says Nancy Lemann's narrator, "were mahogany, with huge four-poster beds and Audubon prints and cots on the attic floor and otherwise no furniture but threadbare elegance. This threadbare elegance meant more to me than any glittering metropolis and busy companies of men." The grandiosity of any victory would be shamed by the simplicity of Lee in defeat.

There comes a time when even the most mod of Southerners must tire of refighting the war, of playing the same old games and going through the same old changes, and we turn inward, Southward, and seek simple memory again–like the narrator of *Lives of the Saints* as she drives toward the sea:

"I went to Grand Isle, at the bottom of Louisiana, at the very end of it out to sea, Land's End some call it, where people used to go... The farther down toward Grand Isle I got, the more I could feel the passion in the land, the farther and farther I got toward the edge. It is not in Louisiana a stern magnifi- cence with pure noble cold sea air. We have a difference–everyone in their harlequin masks, it is regular to them, in their satin and plumes. But at Grand Isle, at the very end of the land out to sea, there were elements... I drove down Bayou Lafourche all morning to get there. The weather was cold and pure. ... The farther down I got toward Grand Isle, alone and finding a passion in the land, the more I thought of wasted years."

There is a name for the thread of memory that calls us back from the wasted years to the elements, to purity, to simplicity, to duty. To the land of the lived dream. Here the name for that sure, straight thread of memory is: Lee. ✪

Paul Greenburg is the editor of the* Pine Bluff (Arkansas) Gazette, *for which he won a Pulitzer Prize.

FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES

CAMPAIGN '92: FIRST IMPRESSIONS

By Gordon Jackson

The South looms more important than ever in what has unexpectedly become a most interesting presidential election season. The several Southern primaries held March 10 could well put one of the Democrats over the top, and could also determine the significance of the Buchanan candidacy for the Republican Party.

The current front-runner status of Arkansas Democratic Gov. Bill Clinton means that a knockout punch could be landed on Super Tuesday. If Clinton can manage to beat out quasi-favorite son former Sen. Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts in the New Hampshire primary, he can put himself in a position to close out the proceedings in his native South.

Tsongas, whose wimpishness quotient is unusually high, probably can be counted on to wilt in the face of Clinton's superior financing. Two other candidates in the Democratic field – Jerry Brown and Sen. Robert Kerry of Nebraska – I would have expected to be making more noise in New Hampshire. Both are plain-spoken and actually somewhat genuine after a fashion. Kerry enjoys legitimate moral stature, having left a leg in Vietnam, and Brown, despite the P.R. problems presented by his California flake image, has always had candor and genuine, if misguided, idealism. But neither candidacy appears to be going anywhere at the moment.

Or at least that is the impression gathered from the Washington pundits, who have all but anointed Clinton as the best hope of bringing complete Democratic hegemony to Washington once again. The fact that he seems to be playing well across the Democratic spectrum does not bode well for George Bush. It suggests the Democrats may finally have abandoned the impulse to shoot themselves in the foot, for Clinton is eminently electable.

He can think through an issue and express himself in complete English sentences, both qualities that will place him in sharp contradistinction to Bush during a debate. He has positioned himself to the right of the Democratic mainstream on such matters as his support of Desert Storm, and carefully cultivated the image of an outsider. And he is the only candidate in the field from the South.

The latter is at once Clinton's greatest asset and a handicap of sorts. It gives him an enormous advantage on Super Tuesday, and means that in the general election the Republicans would not start out with a solid South as they have for five of the last six elections. But in facing a general electorate that does not yet know him well he must avoid the inevitable comparisons to Jimmy Carter – a moderate governor from the South, not widely known, tending toward the bland and opining in the sing-songy candences that Carter made forever associated with indecision and incompetence.

The hint of scandal that always attends Clinton may actually help distinguish him favorably from Jimmy the Good. There's that tang reminiscent of gin and vermouth about him, an understated roguishness combined with the Rhodes Scholar background that lends a measure of worldliness.

In the Republicans column, the president's problems are legion, as could well have been predicted from a close reading of these pages over the past two years. His chickens have come home to roost in the guise of Patrick J. Buchanan and David Duke. Buchanan is the president's worst nightmare, though Bush does not yet seem to know it. Buchanan's passionate conviction, his honed eloquence, and his easy familiarity with a variety of policy issues could not present more of a contrast with the president's transparent preoccupation with polls and public relations gambits. (I particularly liked one administration ploy to deal with the recession – assemble a panel of "economic advisers" with diverse ethnic and economic backgrounds so the president will appear to be hearing the cry of the little fellow.)

Buchanan is going to get 25 percent or more of the vote in New Hampshire. His up-front conservatism and constant call to lower the tax burden will play well in a state reeling from the recession. Bush unleashed the recession by abandoning one plank after another of Reaganomics, and New Hampshirites know this.

If Buchanan comes South with some momentum and some money it will be fascinating to see what happens. Bush will always enjoy a natural constituency in the South because he has been carefully styled as a "nice guy" which appeals to the genteel tradition of the region. Buchanan, though a good natured, affable fellow, has a tougher, harder edge. But his strongly held beliefs are, by and large, the beliefs of Southerners.

There is a cutting choice to be made here. The country club class from which Bush emerged has grown stagnant and mindless, and is held captive by New Class statists of the sort that populate the prestige media. The gentlemen of the club have totally abandoned the business of thinking, and they should abandon the policy arena for the time being to the Pat Buchanans. The South, ever slow to change, may finally have come to understand that the stewardship of the gentlemen is, for the nonce, bankrupt.

If Buchanan doesn't knock Bush off in the South, Duke might, running as a third-party candidate in the general election. If he splits the white conservative vote with Bush, Clinton walks off with the Southern blacks, liberals, yellow dogs and a smattering of moderates, then hangs on to traditional Democratic strongholds such as the Rust Belt, Upper Midwest, and Northwest. If so, we've got four years to think about where the next Ronald Reagan is coming from. ✪

OBITER DICTA

What to Make of Pat Buchanan

Southern Partisan readers may be all over the place on presidential politics this year. At this writing, Bill Clinton, who might have had a strong appeal to Southerners, appears to have had his presidential hopes punctured.

On the Republican side, where most white Southerners have voted most of the time in recent decades, a different type of drama is unfolding and his name is Patrick Buchanan. As we go to press, Buchanan appears to be giving the President a strong challenge in New Hampshire, and David Duke has suggested that if the Republican hierarchy continues to treat him as a pariah, then he might just contemplate a third party challenge in November, which, even if he collected only 3% of the vote, could deny Bush the presidency in a razor-close election.

For years now, the Bush Republicans have smugly ignored the conservatives on matters of policy and personnel. "Let 'em complain," the White House pros say, "Where can they go? Dukakis? Cuomo? Bush is all they've got." Now, all of a sudden, there's Buchanan for the respectable Right and Duke for the red-neck Right--some place for all to go!

So George Bush is now making the most conservative noises we've heard since Ronald Reagan. He wants to lower taxes (lip-readers are now instructed to go back to the previous reading). He wants to do something about family deductions, school prayer, tuition tax credits, crime, health care and family values. Suddenly he's trying to kick-start the promise machine.

Most Americans--certainly the conservatives--will remember that they heard all this four years ago and that the President broke virtually every promise he made in 1988. He raised taxes after promising the entire nation he wouldn't; he said he would fight for tuition tax credits and, a few months later, he called it an impractical scheme; he promised he would never support special rights for homosexuals, then he signed the so-called Hate Crimes Bill (legislation concocted by the gay rights lobby); and he pledged to veto any "civil rights" bill that caused racial quotas in hiring, then promptly signed just such a bill. In short, he's broken the promise machine. So what happens next?

On this subject Southerners are divided. Many of our readers will doubtlessly vote for the President for fear that any one of the Democrats arrayed against him would be infinitely worse. And that raises an important question: Does Buchanan's candidacy threaten to deliver the country to the tender mercies of Ron Brown, Teddy Kennedy and Jesse Jackson. Perhaps. But consider another scenario:

Pat Buchanan is not a third-party type. Nor is he a crank. This is a serious candidacy. Buchanan is the leader of a movement within the Republican Party. His task is not to destroy the GOP but to reshape it into something worth saving.

Of course, the chances of Buchanan being nominated are not good. Republicans are not in the habit of dumping a sitting President, even a weak one (remember Gerald Ford?). But Buchanan is doing so well that the chances of him being ignored are now zero. And his candidacy brings attention to important things. He is speaking out fearlessly and most of his agenda is very appealing to Southern conservatives (Pat himself, by the way, is a Southerner, a card-carrying member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and a long time subscriber to this journal).

For all these reasons, we welcome Pat Buchanan's entry into the race. Some of our editors take exception to his apparent enthusiasm for disengagement internationally here and there. But we do not quarrel with his underlying assumptions on foreign policy: (a) that our country should not attempt to become the world's policeman; and (b) that the first order of business in foreign policy is to serve the interest of America and not some vague international theory.

Our hope for 1992 and beyond is that Pat Buchanan's political agenda will prevail, one way or the other: either as a corrective for the Bush second term or as the basis of a new administration that will emerge in God's good time.

Political Correctness at *National Review*

Editor's note: Sadly, William F. Buckley's National Review *ain't what it used to be. Two recent examples of the declining standards of the country's original journal of conservative opinion require extended treatment here: one was the heavy-handed attempt by Mr. Buckley to "correct" the views of two colleagues who deserve better and the other, an unconscionable snub of our own M.E. Bradford. To make room for this special editorial, we devote the remainder of Obiter Dicta, including space usually devoted to our Scalawag Award, which will return in our next issue. Come to think of it, Section II below could easily serve as a Scalawag Award, if indeed there are any Southerners in positions of authority at* National Review.

I. The Excesses of Anti-anti-semitism

William F. Buckley's now-famous essay on anti-Semitism was published in the December 30 issue of *National Review* just as the *Southern Partisan* was going to press. Buckley's argument occupies more than 40 pages of his magazine and is as lean, well ordered, and symmetrical as a Gothic cathedral. We had some space to spare for a reply. Here goes.

First, for the sake of readers who don't know what we are talkIng about, Buckley's essay is an examination of alleged anti-Semitism in the columns of Joseph Sobran and Pat Buchanan and in *The Dartmouth Review* and *The Nation.* It is filled with quotations from the works under scrutiny, as well as excerpts from Buckley's own previous observations on the subject and those of other prominant figures. In addition, he allows himself the luxury of numerous chatty asides, some of which are humorous, some of which are relevant, some of which are neither. He convicts both Sobran and Buchanan of anti-Semitism, and exonerates *The Dartmouth Review* and then finds Gore Vidal, writing in *The Nation,* guilty as well.

Buckley has a well-deserved reputation as a polemicist. Schooled in debate from childhood and superbly educated at a time when grammar, logic, and rhetoric were still being taught in the best universities, he knows what constitutes well-reasoned argument and what constitutes dishonest pleading. He is fully capable of writing first-rate discussion of this topic. He has not done so.

The excessively loose form of his essay reveals much about his thinking on the subject. He allows his attentions to wander from idea to idea as expediency dictates, at times belaboring the obvious, at other times leaving out essential logical and rhetorical bridges, apparently assuming that readers will accept conclusions on his authority. Indeed, it is sometimes difficult to believe Buckley is single-mindedly pursuing his announced topic--anti-Semitism. Something else seems to be going on here, something far less intellectually demanding, perhaps something personal: the banishing of private ghosts or the pursuit of public enemies.

Because we find it difficult to follow the elusive logic of this essay, we must finally conclude that, like the trail of bread in the old fairy tale, the argument has been snapped up by the birds and we are lost in the woods of William F. Buckley's quirky consciousness. Summary judgments do not proceed from the march of inalterable logic. They are inexplicable miracles scattered throughout the narrative, owing their very existence to the author's self-serving grace.

Precisely why he chose to take on Pat Buchanan and, as a consequence, embroil himself in this controversy, only he can know. Perhaps it is not irrelevant to point out that prior to his entrance into the presidential race, Buchanan was on television seven days a week, wrote a nationally syndicated column, and published a newsletter with a growing readership. Now he is a declared candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and a growing number of observers, present company included, see him as the current leader of the conservative movement in America.

All that brand-new glory has to stick in somebody's craw. We will resist the temptation to conclude that it is in Buckley's, even though some say there is no way to read his essay without coming to such a conclusion. Others say he is saving his own skin by throwing a couple of fellow Christians to the lions. These are probably unfair judgments. Let's assume instead that Buckley is Little Goody Two-Shoes, just as he says he is in his essay.

II. The Bradford Exchange

Professor Mel Bradford of the University of Dallas is once again the subject of controversy in the conservative community, as he was in 1981, when he was a candidate for chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities. This time the discussion centers on *National Review's* rejection of another Bradford commentary on Abraham Lincoln, in a review of a book on Lincoln---a review commissioned by the magazine.

The editors who gave Bradford the assignment surely knew the Dallas professor's views on the subject; but when the predictable happened, they couldn't bear to see Lincoln subjected to further critical scrutiny in their magazine, so they rejected the review. Bradford, understandably miffed, said he wouldn't write for the magazine again, and the quarrel ended up in the newspapers.

A few comments.

This is not the first time Bradford has been ill used by the editors of *National Review.* Nor the second.

Bradford's own recollections are as follows: years ago he was asked to review *Time on the Cross*, an extraordinary scholarly work that showed slavery to be less oppressive than the current generation of scholars was willing to admit. After having asked Bradford to do the review, some editor turned squeamish, sent Bradford's review to Harry Jaffa, allowed Jaffa to write a rebuttal, and printed it without forewarning Bradford. (Perhaps to make it all appear as a preconceived symposium, Jeffrey Hart was also invited to write a companion piece to the two "reviews.")

You would think that experience would have become a part of the communal memory of the *National Review* staff, that somewhere on the wall they would have nailed a sign that read: "Don't give Mel Bradford a chance to talk about Lincoln."

But time passed; and, like the pain of childbirth, the episode was apparently forgotten.

Then, one sun-drenched morning, someone on the magazine got the bright idea of asking Bradford and Jaffa to engage in a printed debate on the question of Lincoln, slavery, and egalitarianism. Apparently no one on the staff leaped up to cry, "What are you proposing, you crazy fool? Remember that blasphemous, wrong-headed review of *Time on the Cross!"* Instead, they proceeded with the project.

Jaffa was to defend Lincoln's position and the North's. Bradford was to attack Lincoln and defend the South. Or something like that. Both agreed with a certain amount of relish. They were friendly rivals who had debated these same issues before live audiences. Neither man lacked in self-confidence.

Bradford wrote his argument; and to put the nature of the debate into a mock epic framework, he began with an epigraph from the humorous ballad "Abdul Abulbul Amir"–"Infidel know you have trod on the toe of Abdul Abulbul Amir!" After he had finished, he sent the essay to Jaffa, who was amused at the quotation and wrote Bradford a chatty letter on the subject.

When the essays appeared in the magazine, Bradford's epigraph had been dropped, thereby modifying the tone he intended and robbing him of a choice bit of wit. No one asked for permission. There was no explanation and no apology.

And now this latest indignity--- again with Lincoln the centerpiece of the controversy. You would think the skipper wouldn't have sailed his yacht into such troubled seas a third time. Yet he did, and with painful results.

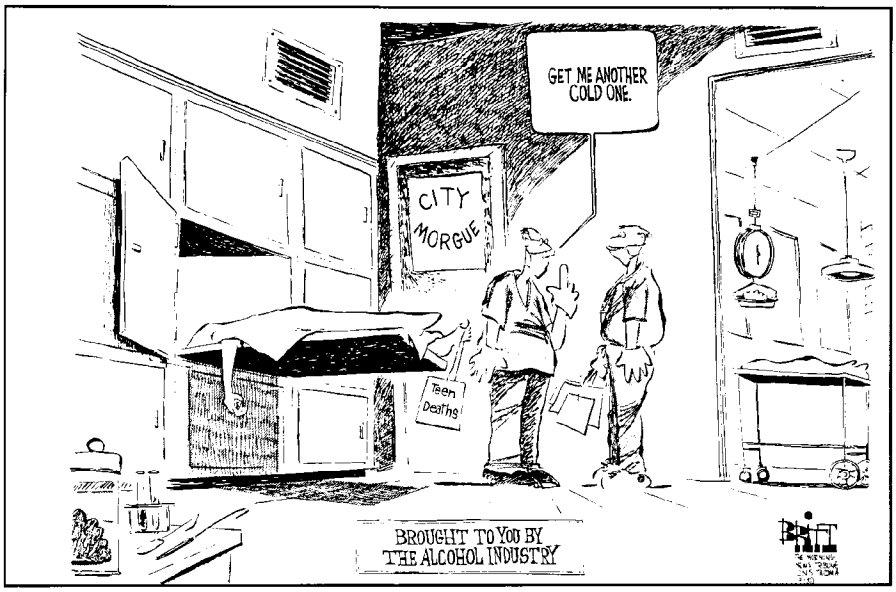
Every magazine has its heyday. *The New Yorker's* was in the 1930s and 1940s. *National Review's* was in the 1950s and 1960s. Now, like *The New Yorker*, it has been handed over to a younger generation who can imitate, rather than match the wit of the founding editors--most of whom are now dead. Mr. Buckley can be justly proud of the magazine he began and its service to the nation. And *National Review* certainly has earned the right to be eccentric in its late middle age.

But for many reasons, it has forfeited the prerogative to speak without challenge for the Old Right--as it once did. The magazine now becomes just one more organ of the neoconservatives, and by no means the best one. Like Bradford, we are not so much angered as saddened by a magazine that has not only lost its clear vision, but also its good manners. ✪

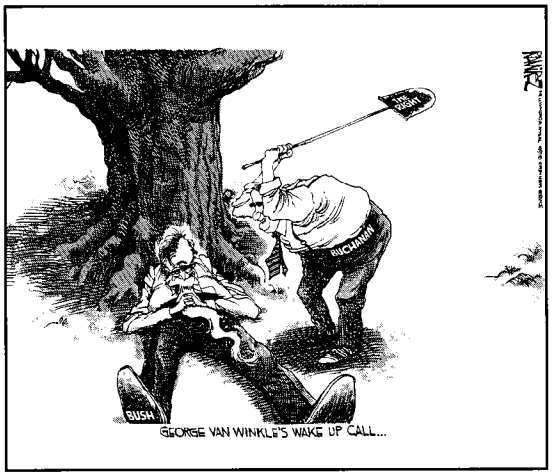
PARTISAN 'TOONS

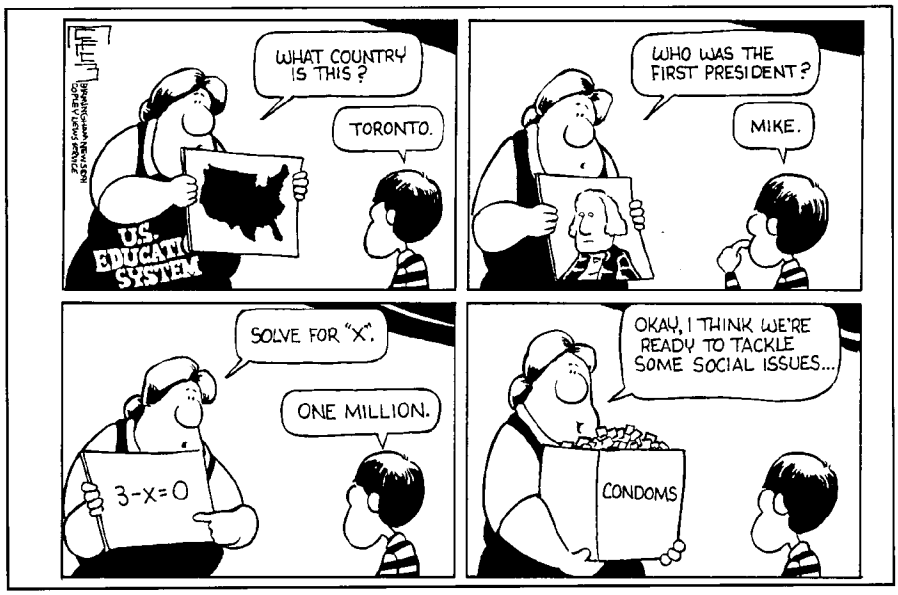
"MAYBE I *WAS* A LITTLE RECKLESS.... MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE *CONSERVATIVE*.... BUT THAT'S NO EXCUSE.... PATRICK BUCHANAN ASSAULTED ME!"

OUR ECONOMY IS IN RUINS AND ITS ALL THE FAULT OF THOSE SPINELESS, TAX-AND-SPEND LIBERALS.
BUCHANAN FOR PRESIDENT
BUT, HEY, ENOUGH ABOUT GEORGE BUSH...
BUCHANAN FOR PRESIDENT
THOMPSON
THE ATLANTA JOURNAL-CONSTITUTION


GET ME ANOTHER COLD ONE.
CITY MORGUE
Teen Deaths
BRIGHT
BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE ALCOHOL INDUSTRY

OH, HEY, HERE'S WHAT'S SLOWING YOU DOWN!
CONGRESS
TAXES
TAXES
TAXES
TAXES
CREDIT CARD RATES
CONSUMER


BUSH
RICHARD
GEORGE VAN WINKLE'S WAKE UP CALL...


WHAT COUNTRY IS THIS?
TORONTO.
U.S. EDUCATION SYSTEM
WHO WAS THE FIRST PRESIDENT?
MIKE.
SOLVE FOR "X".
ONE MILLION.
3-X=0
OKAY, I THINK WE'RE READY TO TACKLE SOME SOCIAL ISSUES...
CONDOMS

CSA TODAY

ALABAMA

Here is what one elderly Alabamian wrote, insisting that Senator Howell Heflin be nominated for our Scalawag Award:

"I have never been so ashamed of any politician in my life. Kissin' Jim Folsom was genteel compared to [Heflin]. His behavior during the Thomas hearings was both stupid and boorish. One night I wasn't sure if he was entirely sober. We've got to get him out of there before he embarrasses us further. When does he come up before the voters again?"

Unfortunately, Senator Heflin, who entered the Senate in 1979, doesn't come up for reelection until 1996. By then the Thomas hearings will probably be ancient history. However, chances are Heflin will continue to act like an oaf in the future - maybe even on national television - and to vote with his dear, dear friend, the senior senator from Massachusetts.

FEBRUARY

Alabama Symphony
February 14
Mobile, Alabama
(205) 432-2010

Dixie Jamboree
February 14-15
Montgomery, Alabama
(205) 834-4195

Macbeth
February 29
Selma, Alabama
(205) 875-2634

MARCH

Country Dance
March 7
Huntsville, Alabama
(205) 539-8709

SEC Tournament
March 12-15
Birmingham, Alabama
(205) 328-8160

Azalea Dogwood Festival
March 29-April 5
Opelika, Alabama
(205) 887-8747

ARKANSAS

There are times when parents have to draw the line, and this past Thanksgiving, Octavia Overton of North Little Rock did just that.

Following an argument over an automobile, her drunken son, George, threw her Thanksgiving ham on the floor and stomped on it. Then he flung the pan at his mother. That did it. Octavia, aged 73, grabbed a handgun and fired at him twice, wounding him slightly with one of the shots.

Police spokesman Steve Canady said that no charges would be filed against Mrs. Overton, because of her age and because George wasn't seriously wounded. But some of the folks were even more blunt. As one woman put it: "He didn't get half of what he deserved. If it'd been me, I'd have shot him between his bloodshot eyes."

FEBRUARY

Country Junction Marketplace
February 8-9
Texarcana, Arkansas
(903) 793-0140

Winter Lodge Tales
February 15
Scott, Arkansas
(501) 961-9442

Saturday Night Jamboree
February 22
Salem, Arkansas
(501) 895-2492

MARCH

Confederate Flags Exhibit
March 6-July 12
Little Rock, Arkansas
(501) 324-9685

Twin Lakes Gun Show
March 7-8
Mountain Home, Arkansas
(501) 425-2686

Singing on the Mountain
March 19-21
Gravel Ridge, Arkansas
(501) 835-2451

APRIL

Bull Drop and Barbecue
early April
Ozark, Arkansas
(501) 667-3552

Turkey Track Pasture Pickin'
April 9-11
Waldron, Arkansas
(501) 637-3862

Spinach Festival
April 17-18
Alma, Arkansas
(501) 632-4127

FLORIDA

Look for the American Civil Liberties Union to show up when Kevin Allin and Donald Sachs of the rock group "GG and the Murder Junkies" go on trial. It was, after all, a classic case of free speech denial. The Orlando police arrested the two for allegedly urinating and defecating on stage at the Club Space Fish Cafe and then eating the feces. Next, according to the complaint, they threw some of the feces at the audience, about 75 of whom (obviously Philistines) fled the scene. Witnesses also reported that Mr. Allin shattered a bottle on his bald head and ground the glass into his scalp.

It's just a shame that the Orlando police are not more receptive to the subtleties of the performing arts. They should be given sensitivity training by a task force from the National Endowment for the Arts.

FEBRUARY

WBTS Days
February 1-2
Key West, Florida
(305) 292-6713

Washington's Birthday Festival
February 14-16
Eustis, Florida
(904) 357-3434

Olustee Reenactment
February 16
Olustee, Florida
(904) 397-2733

MARCH

Big Daddy Rat's Custom Chopper Show
March 7
Daytona Beach, Florida
(904) 245-4500

Old Time Music/March 14-15
Dade City, Florida
(904) 567-0262

WBTS Reenactment
March 21-22
Barberbville, Florida
(904) 749-2959

APRIL

Old Island Conch Shell Contest
April 4
Key West, Florida
(305) 294-9501

Spring Farm Days
April 11-12
Tallahassee, Florida
(800) 628-2866

A Taste of History
April 26
Gainesville, Florida
(904) 392-1721

GEORGIA

In Augusta, rock 'n' roll fans came out to hear two bands - The Rhythm Section and the Marshall Tucker Band. What they saw was a turf battle that exploded into a near riot.

It seems that, according to Teresa Crawford, spokesperson for the Rhythm Section, the band was unable to set up its drums for the first show because the Marshall Tucker Band had already taken up the entire stage. After a protracted argument, the Rhythm Section left in a rage and the audience began to scream for a refund.

"We had a near riot on our hands," said Augusta Police Sgt. Russ Landrum. "They were raising hell wanting their money back."

Why is it that we're not surprised when we read this sort of thing? Why is it that every year young people are killed attending rock 'n' roll concerts? Why is it that contemporary music generates so much ill-will, violence, and death? Recently in the nation's capital a firefighter was gunned down while his car was stopped at a red light. Allegedly he was killed because three youths in the car next to his didn't like the kind of music he was playing on his radio - jazz rather than something more politically correct.

Let it be recorded: No one was ever killed at a Tommy Dorsey concert or gunned down because he was listening to Bing Crosby rather than Frank Sinatra, or Eddie Arnold rather than Roy Acuff.
Our sympathies to the Augusta police. It's just the beginning, boys. It's just the beginning.

FEBRUARY

Georgia Heritage Festival
February 1-12
Savannah, Georgia
(912) 233-7787

WBTS Navy Encampment
February 1-2
Savannah, Georgia
(912) 884-5999

Camellia Festival
February 8-15
Ft. Valley, Georgia
(912) 967-2358

Andersonville Revisited
February 22-23
Andersonville, Georgia
(912) 924-0343

MARCH

Old South Farm Days
March 14-15
Walthourville, Georgia
(912) 368-7412

War of 1812 in Georgia
March 14
Midway, Georgia
(912) 884-5999

Crappiethon Fishing
March 28
LaGrange, Georgia
(404) 882-3437

APRIL

Antebellum Jubilee
April 3-5, 10-12
Stone Mountain, Georgia
(404) 498-5637

Run for the Kudzu
April 25
LaGrange, Georgia
(404) 884-66611

Confederate Memorial Day
April 26
Kingston, Georgia
(404) 336-5385
Savannah, Georgia
(912) 238-1779

KENTUCKY

Naomi Parker of Lexington was charged with throwing liquid drain cleaner in the face of a fellow choir member during a church service. The alleged reason: the other woman was singing off-key. Demetrius Moore was taken to the University of Kentucky Hospital, where she was listed in good condition after being treated for burns on her face, neck, and chest.

Naomi Parker pleaded not guilty to first-degree assault and was jailed because she did not post a $7,500 bond. That was a while back. We hope by now that this unfortunate business has been resolved and that everyone is back in church singing together - on key.

Knob Creek Military Gun Show
April 24-26
Shepherdsville, Kentucky
(502) 922-4457

LOUISIANA

However you look at it, the people of Louisiana were the big losers. They're in the deepest economic hole they've ever been in, and they just elected the man who dug it for them. Edwin Edwards may be the worst governor Louisiana has ever had - though he has a lot of competition for that honor - and the chances that he can mend his ways are small. He has made too many promises in order to defeat David Duke: promises to Democrats and Republicans, liberals and conservatives, blacks and whites. If he pays off just a fraction of the debts he has incurred, the economic hole will be so deep that the folks in Louisiana will have to learn Chinese.

This, of course, is the legacy of the national Republican Party, which has been meddling in local primaries for the past several years, almost invariably with disastrous results. In 1990, they sponsored Bush Republicans for senatorial races in Hawaii, New Jersey, Illinois, and Michigan. All four lost. They sponsored Buddy Roemer in Louisiana, despite the fact that as governor he had vetoed anti-abortion and anti-pornography bills, apparently without remorse. Since Roemer was a turncoat Democrat, local Republicans lined up behind conservative Clyde Holloway and endorsed him at their convention; but the Bush crowd knew better, so much better. They poured money into Roemer's campaign and left Holloway to dry out in the cool autumn wind. The result: Roemer finished third, behind David Duke; and at that point the Bush crowd, having befouled the entire electoral process, backed the Democrat Edwards, despite the fact that it was he who bankrupted the state.

For all this havoc, the President and his arrogant goons owe Louisiana citizens in general, and Republicans in particular, an apology and a pledge: "We're sorry we didn't mind our own business; next time we'll butt out." Meanwhile, Louisiana is looking at four years of waste and buffoonery.

FEBRUARY

ARK-LA-TEX Round Up
February 1, 15
Bossier City, Louisiana
(318) 222-8003

Victorian Valentine Workshop
February 1-2
Lafayette, Louisiana
(318) 233-4077

Dixie Trail Riders
February 21
Covington, Louisiana
(504) 664-7372

Louisiana Boudin Festival
February 23
Broussard, Louisiana
(800) 346-1958

MARCH

Jackson Crossroads Reenactment
March 7-8
Jackson, Louisiana
(504) 634-7155

Rabbit Festival
March 20-22
Iowa, Louisiana
(318) 582-6120

Ragin' Cajun Springfest
March 27-29
Lafayette, Louisiana
(800) 346-1958

MARYLAND

The Gates of Heaven Cemetery in Silver Spring repossessed Mary Hailey Shafer's tombstone because her widower, Brian Shafer of Kensington, was behind on the payments. He had paid $500. He still owed $410. Cemetery officials demanded that he pay an additional "penalty fee" of $315 to cover the cost of removing the stone and then returning it. Shafer, who said he thought that relatives had paid the balance, called a lawyer and the story hit the newspapers.

In the wake of such ugly publicity the two parties reached an agreement, and the tombstone was returned. The cemetery dropped the penalty charges, and Shafer came up with the balance.

Cemetery spokesmen maintained to the end, however, that Shafer should have known what to expect. They have a point. After all, he is the manager of a towing company that repossesses automobiles.

FEBRUARY

Babe Ruth Birthday Party
February 6
Baltimore, Maryland
(410) 727-1539

WBTS Encampment
February 22-23
Elkridge, Maryland
(410) 788-9595

Maple Syrup Days
February 22-23, 29
Cockeysville, Maryland
(410) 887-1815

MARCH

Maryland Day
March 25
Baltimore, Maryland
(301) 889-6060

AG Days
March 20-21
Westminster, Maryland
(410) 876-8870

Annual Quilt Show
March 29
Bowie, Maryland
(301) 262-0738

APRIL

Cherry Blossom Festival
April 5-12
Washington, D.C.
(202) 737-2599

Revolutionary Reenactment
April 11-12
Snow Hill, Maryland
(410) 632-2032

Historic Church Tour
April 26
Snow Hill, Maryland
(800) 852-0335

MISSISSIPPI

Mississippi is rapidly becoming the most Republican state in the South. The current count: two U.S. Senators, the Governor, the Lieutenant Governor, 23 of 122 House seats and nine of 52 Senate seats. If the Republican National Committee will leave the state alone, we may see more switches in the future.

Kirk Fordice, who won in an upset this past November, is perhaps the most conservative governor in the region. If he plays his cards right and gets along with the many conservative Democrats in the legislature, he may be able to accomplish more to improve the lot of Mississippians than anyone in recent memory.

Watch to see what happens to Ray Mabus's education package. Fordice has said he will "flush" the program. If he can substitute his own plan, you can be certain he will be in control.

FEBRUARY

Dixie Western Festival
February 7-9
Jackson, Mississippi
(601) 960-1891

Dutton Family Strings
February 14
Meridian, Mississippi
(601) 484-8696

Azelea Ball
February 22
McComb, Mississippi
(601) 684-7456

MARCH

Run Through History
March 7
Vicksburg, Mississippi
(601) 636-9421

Kite Flying Contest
March 14
Rosedale, Mississippi
(601) 759-6762

Wild Turkey Seminar
March 19
Morton, Mississippi
(601) 732-6316

1850s Festival
March 28-29
Oak Square Plantation
Port Gibson, Mississippi
(601) 437-3603

MISSOURI

Jim Sneed was a Greyhound Bus driver who had racked up over 2 million miles of accident-free driving - a record matched by few on the road. This past November that all came to an end.

Jim was driving on I-44 in Oklahoma when he was suddenly seized with chest pains. With 44 passengers aboard, he had a special responsibility to fulfill, so he refused the offer of a

passenger to finish the route for him.

"No," he said, "I've got to get it off the highway myself." He held on until he could pull the bus into a rest stop. Then he collapsed and died. Sneed's action is a parable for the rest of us, who too often go about our daily work with little or no regard for the people we serve.

FEBRUARY

Whole Hog Sausage Supper
February 1
Bland, Missouri
(314) 646-3424

Dart Tournament
February 21-23
St. Louis, Missouri
(816) 836-7195

Big Band Dance
February 28
Independence, Missouri
(816) 836-7195

MARCH

Old Days Stories
March 1
St. Louis, Missouri
(314) 534-3807

Country Music Show
March 5
St. Joseph, Missouri
(816) 271-4628

Barbershop Harmony Society
March 21
Kansas City, Missouri
(816) 737-0308

APRIL

Glory of Trains
April 4-5
Jackson, Missouri
(314) 243-1688

Storytelling Festival
April 19
Arrow Rock, Missouri
(816) 837-3470

WBTS Reenactment
April 24-26
Butler, Missouri
(816) 679-5181

NORTH CAROLINA

Be advised that the Jesse Helms Center is now open for business and that James McClellan, one of America's foremost scholars, is the Center's executive director. Located at Wingate College in Wingate, North Carolina, the Helms Center will house the Senator's papers and, in the near future, sponsor other activities consistent with the Senator's philosophy and career.

With McClellan running the show, the goings-on at the Center should be lively and significant. McClellan is both an activist and an intellectual heavyweight - a rare combination in contemporary public life.

OKLAHOMA

University of Oklahoma Law Professor Anita Hill is already beginning to make the rounds of liberal and feminist organizations, speaking about sexual harassment. Recently she told a forum of female state legislators that she intended to devote more time to research and teaching on the subject - which means we can expect a lot of public statements and a lot of press.

Perhaps after she has spoken on numerous university stages, been the subject of a few dozen soft-ball interviews, and appeared on PBS 50 times, the American people will begin to believe her. The last vote we saw gave Clarence Thomas a 2-1 edge in credibility.

SOUTH CAROLINA

In this space last quarter we reported that Palmetto State Republicans were set to challenge Mr. National Sales Tax, Junior Senator Ernest F. Hollings. Hollings is best known nationally for his poor showing in a 1984 race for the Democratic nomination for president. After the New Hampshire primary, in which more voters wrote in Ronald Reagan than voted Hollings, Fritz was quoted as saying, "When E.F. Hollings speaks, nobody listens!"

Hartnett's public statements by contrast tend to stress his Southern heritage. Referring to relations with China, Hartnett said he thought he could get along with the nation's leaders. "We Charlestonians have a lot in common with the Chinese people," Hartnett said. "We both eat a lot of rice, speak a language that is difficult to understand, and worship our ancestors."

FEBRUARY

Lowcountry Oyster Festival
February 2
Charleston, South Carolina
(803) 577-4030

Southern Wildlife Exposition
February 14-16
Charleston, South Carolina
(803) 723-1748

MARCH

Gizzard Festival
March 21
Columbia, South Carolina
(803) 786-5062

Possum Creep Festival
March 27-28
Barnwell, South Carolina
(803) 259-3416

Southern Gospel Concert
March 28
Columbia, South Carolina
(803) 772-9380

APRIL

Heritage Day
Early April
Hodges, South Carolina
(803) 223-5023

Plantation Tours
April 3-4
Georgetown, South Carolina
(803) 546-5438

World Grits Festival
April 10-12
St. George, South Carolina
(803) 563-3255

Loris Bog Off
April 11
Loris, South Carolina
(803) 756-6030

TENNESSEE

Conway Twitty, the aging heartthrob of country music, has just announced a new venture: he's going into bird- seed. As a matter of fact, he has signed a contract with Wal-Mart to carry the product in all its stores.

In case you're afraid you'll miss it, don't worry. It's going to be called "Twitty Bird Seed." It's the name, after all, that will sell the seed. Twitty himself explained: "Twitty Bird Seed can dominate bird food for the same reason Jimmy Dean dominates sausage - there is no nationally recognized brand in the field." Maybe, but we're afraid that after he gets his business going, someone will come along with "Tweety Bird Seed" and steal the market.

FEBRUARY

National Field Trial
Championship
February 17-28
Grand Junction, Tennessee
(901) 878-1067

Chattanooga Symphony Series
February 20
Chattanooga, Tennessee
(615) 756-8687

Boat and Sports Show
February 28-March 1
Huntingdon, Tennessee
(901) 584-7880

TEXAS

Oliver Stone's interminable JFK is the latest Hollywood film to trash the region. Stone is known for movies that lie about the past in order to push a contemporary Leftist agenda; but JFK is the worst yet, more burdened with historical inaccuracies than *Born on the Fourth of July*. It is based on the most absurd of all the many assassination theories - that of Louisiana prosecutor Jim Garrison, who is played by Kevin Costner with the worst Southern accent since Elizabeth Taylor's in *Raintree County*."

The question is: Why do Southern cities and states cooperate with filmmakers they know are determined to depict them in the worst possible light? Oliver Stone shot his film in Dallas to lend authenticity to his ideological distortions - just so people, seeing the Texas Book Depository and Dealey Plaza, would be more likely to say, "Yes. This is real. This must be the way it really happened." Somehow, some way we must learn to say "no" to Hollywood ideologues when they ask us to help them impugn our integrity and decency.

VIRGINIA

Perhaps the most sensational case to hit the Virginia courts in recent years is that of Dr. Cecil Jacobson, a former Fairfax County doctor accused of deceiving numerous patients who came to his fertility clinic in hopes of becoming pregnant. Among the charges: that he gave patients hormone shots to simulate pregnancy and that he used his own semen for insemination, while claiming that he had an extensive sperm bank that would match genetic characteristics desired by prospective parents.

Dr. Jacobson said it was untrue that he had engaged in deceitful practices. He claimed he had treated about 6,500 women over a twelve- year period and that all he ever wanted was to help childless people. He did admit to the *Washington Post* that he had "on a few occasions" used his own sperm to inseminate patients, but he argued that in the light of the AIDS epidemic, this practice was safer than using frozen sperm.

His lawyer, Jim Tate, is quoted as saying: "This is a man who has given his heart to his patients."

And more, Jim. Much more.

FEBRUARY

St. Brigid's Day
February 1
Staunton, Virginia
(703) 332-7850

44th Annual Antiques Forum
February 2-7
Williamsburg, Virginia
(804) 220-7280

Washington's Office Museum
February 14-16
Wincester, Virginia
(703) 662-6550

MARCH

Jefferson Davis Trail
March 4-9
Richmond, Virginia
(804) 649-1861

Confederate Camp
March 7-8
Richmond, Virginia
(804) 672-5106

German Heritage
March 10, 17, 24, 31
Staunton, Virginia
(703) 332-7850

APRIL

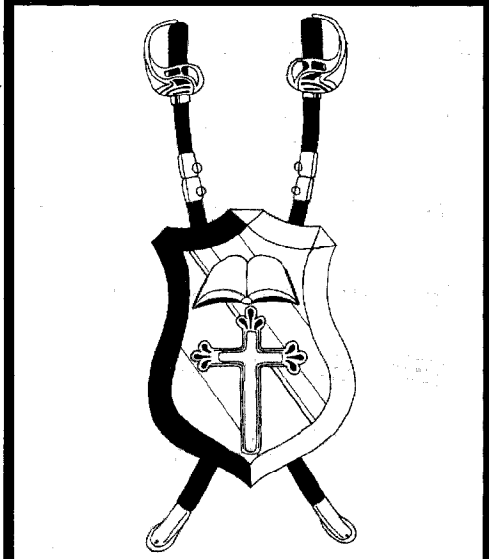
Oatlands Plantation
April 4
Leesburg, Virginia
(703) 777-3174

WBTS Life
April 11-12
Chantilly, Virginia
(703) 437-1794

James Monroe's 234th Birthday
April 26
Fredericksburg, Virginia
(703) 899-4559

THE THEOLOGY OF SECESSION

by M. E. Bradford



The following was first delivered as an address to the Texas Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It was subsequently delivered in this enlarged and revised form before the annual assembly of Southerners at Willie Pie's Store in Crozier, Virginia.

At the very deepest level there is a central truth about the War Between the States which is now, even by the best of Southerners, almost never mentioned, although their forefathers had once spoken of its importance continuously. Indeed, they put emphasis upon it long after the War was over. From 1850 until 1912, this explanatory assumption was a commonplace component of one understanding of the meaning of that great conflict. And to most Southerners, it seemed almost as self-evident as did the equivalent formulations to their Northern counterparts— especially in the years of Antebellum dispute over the morality of slaveholding and other distinctions of "character" separating the two original versions of American civilization. When Confederate Southerners stood ready to face death in the place where the battle was joined or when they came to write apologia for their conduct, they saw themselves as part of a struggle between "powers and principalities," alternative conceptions of the human enterprise—not merely as adjuncts to competing schemes for gathering political power. Southerners, of course, fought to defend themselves and their view of the Constitution. They fought out of a loyalty to "hearth and rooftree," and to what had been achieved by Americans in general between 1774 and 1791. Further, they were animated by a sense of personal honor and were therefore unwilling to continue association with their detractors within the federal bond once condemned by their erstwhile countrymen to live under the insufferable burden of high-handedness and effrontery. But that is not all of the story concerning their reasons for secession—not even the most interesting part.

Southerners had, by the time they left the Union, serious doubts about what kind of country the United States was about to become. It was not only what the Yankees were attempting to do to the South but, even more important, what they were doing to themselves which made the moral and intellectual leaders of our region doubt whether they wished to leave their children in any political or moral connection with the modern power state emerging above the Old Surveyors' Line. In the North was a regime whose primary faith was in the human will and intellect, in the ability of man through science and politics to subdue the entire Creation and reshape it according to his fondest dreams. The political form of this culture was that of a juggernaut, embodying a radical spirit, which, according to Admiral Raphael Semmes, "seemed to be now what it had been in the Great French Revolution, a sort of mad-dog

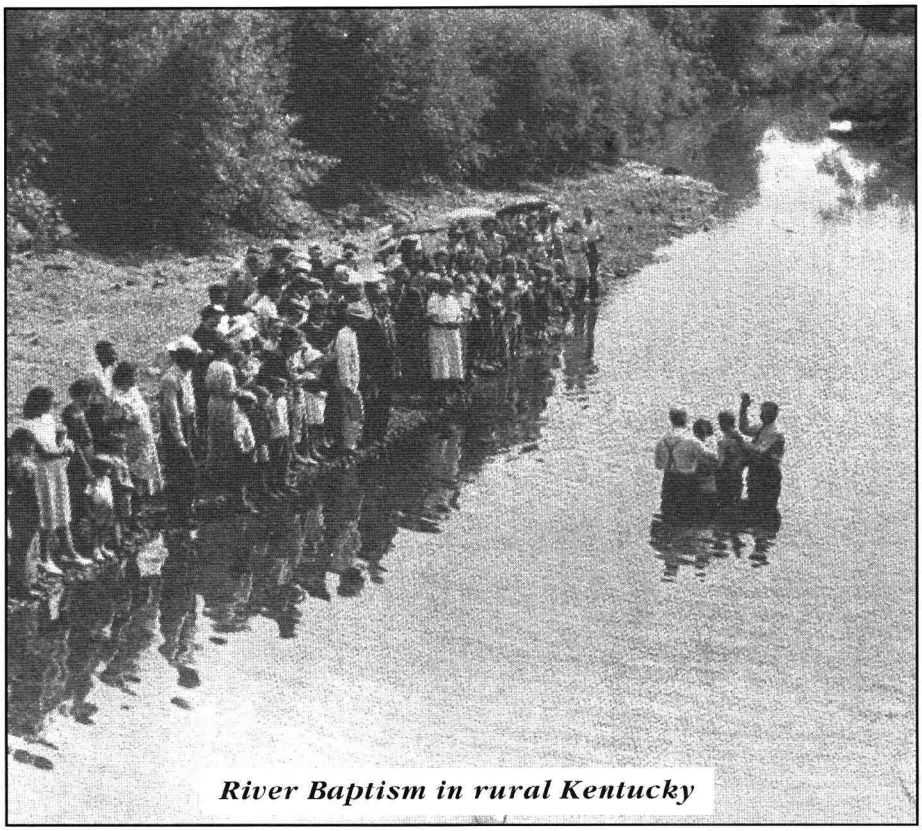
virus," making "rabid" all who were touched by it. Writing in the same vein, the Virginia theologian William H. Hall, in his *The Historic Significance of the Southern Revolution* (1864), writes of his comrades in the Confederate army, "We are permitted to vindicate the supremacy of Jehovah's word and the purity of His government." The disposition of Northern clergy to divinize human nature and to glorify human reason Hall deplored. At some length he explained how they came to embrace such heresy. Then he used the same historical evidence to draw another line from enemies of the French Revolution to the Southern counterrevolution, coming thus to conclude that "this explains why the Southern Clergy, standing aside for the time from all their previous practice, have shown such an active sympathy with this political revolution." At which point he quotes with approval the Rev. B. M. Palmer: "It is not only from the impulse of a lofty patriotism, grand as that sentiment may be, but out of loyalty to God against whose rightful supremacy a wicked infidelity has lifted its rebellious arms." This explanation of secession as holy war against the presumptions of modern thought recalls to our attention that the Confederate Constitution acknowledged the sovereignty of God over the political order. The Southern social and political philosopher Richard Weaver has described the Old South as "the last non-materialist civilization in the Western world"—a culture still immune to the ontologically aggressive spirit against which Semmes, Hall, and Palmer wrote. But the Antebellum North was a very different case.

In his Second Inaugural Address, President Abraham Lincoln raised the question of why war had occurred when Southerners "read the same Bible and pray to the same God." Since both parties "deprecated war" and were otherwise so well agreed, how was it that "the war came"? However, if we inquire closely into the regnant Northern myths of Speed and Mass, of Union and Progress, as these functioned in the cultural rhetoric of contemporary Northern commentary on what they called "The Rebellion," then we must ask whether the Great Emancipator was not in this instance (as in so much else) very much mistaken in his assumptions. For the generic Southerner, to quote once again from Professor Weaver, had a "deep, even frightening intuition of man's radical dependence." As Professor Bell Wiley observes, the Southern churches had always warned their communicants against "extreme confidence in human endeavor." The ordinary Southerner of 1860 did not approach the world as did those who had voted for Mr. Lincoln. They were, as Anne C. Loveland observes in her *Southern Evangelicals and the Social Order, 1800-1860*, "as dubious of human ability in social and political matters as in the matter of salvation. The belief in the sovereignty of God and dependence of man was the whole of their thinking." Nor did they change their minds about these things after Appomattox. According to the classic formulation of Oswald Spengler, modern man has his prototype in the figure of Dr. Faustus, the omni-competent master of all the sciences, the alchemist who somehow summarizes the restless spirit of Western civilization since the beginning of the Renaissance. If Spengler's explanation is correct, the Antebellum Southerner was not modern, even though his adversary was. For that Southerner could not believe that engineering, medicine, and the popular ballot could cure all the ills the flesh is heir to. And therefore he was in the way.

...there is a central truth about the War Between the States which is now, even by the best of Southerners, almost never mentioned...

The epitome of the religious spirit of the Old South was in the life of the Confederate Army, in the field or in encampment. E. Merton Coulter tells us that in the winter of 1863-1864 there were religious services almost every night when one of the major Confederate forces was not directly engaged in battle. Authorities on these events are

William W. Bennett's *A Narrative of the Great Revival Which Prevailed In the Southern Armies During the Late Civil War Between the States of the Federal Union* (1876), and J. William Jones' *Christ in the Camp or Religion in Lee's Army* (1887). Most of these meetings, as Henry Lee Curry III tells us in his *God's Rebels: Confederate Clergy in the Civil War* (1990), were revival services assembled by the soldiers themselves and conducted either by clergymen in the army or ministers who journeyed to the front lines in order to reinforce the resurgent belief in the Christian promises there in evidence. The immediate motive of these shepherds was their hope (and determination) that the young men under their influence would not die outside the faith. But it was not only the young who were converted while under arms. Generals Braxton Bragg, Joseph E. Johnston, William J. Hardee, Dick Ewell, and John B. Hood (to mention only a few) were converted and/or baptized while in Confederate service, along with perhaps 150,000 men in gray. Soldiers in the Army of Northern Virginia formed the Army Christian Association which held prayer meetings three times a week. And a young officer in Bragg's headquarters in North Georgia wrote to his family that "thousands have professed religion and the work is still going on." One wag observed of Stonewall Jackson's command in the Valley of Virginia that it was more like a "protracted meeting" than an army on the march. And everyone knows that there was enough theological expertise on General Jackson's staff to form the faculty of a Presbyterian seminary, that the discussion of abstruse theological questions was the General's favorite occupation—that is, next to driving the Yankees before him, "the blue-coated hosts of Beelzebub." No equivalent religious activity went on in the Union Army. For many enlisted there, the nation itself was a gathered church, and its cause a sacred creed—one of the many varieties of evidence supporting the opinion of Admiral Semmes that "no two peoples, speaking the same language and coming from the same country, could have been more dissimilar."



River Baptism in rural Kentucky

To quote Coulter once more, the Confederate Army was extraordinary among modern forces of its size—in this with no rival but Cromwell's host—in being "free of vice." Modern armies in Europe, in Mexico, or (during the American Revolution) in the Northeast were gathering places for speculators, sutlers, harlots, gamblers, and whiskey merchants. Americans had seen all of this in their earlier wars, the ancient definition of an army as including everything and everyone moving with its train. Such conglomeration was common with Northern armies. The Confederate soldier was, of course, no angel. All of the aforementioned preaching aimed at his immortal soul presupposes that, in matters covered by those exhortations, certain improvements were in order. But Johnny Reb, if he wanted to get into any serious mischief, had to go to town.

The armies of the Confederacy were not like a modern professional force but instead resembled a patriarchal

Scots clan, an extended family made up of men connected by blood and marriage, common enterprises, and a common foe. How and why they fought consorted well together. And the importance of religion among them should be seen in the context of this larger characterization of the society they represented. According to the late Clement Eaton, "In 1860 there was little disagreement between the fundamental beliefs of the lower and upper classes of the South." By this he meant that Episcopalians and "hardshell" Baptists were, in basic theology, similar. Moreover, their sense of the mortal danger threatening the very existence of their people, of the "mad fanaticism of the North," made them astonishingly sober about the business of war. But to this theory we must add another ingredient to complete our analysis of their martial piety.

A great part of the explanation for this special and collective grace comes not from Northern malice or desperate military circumstances but from the unusual relationship of the Southern clergy to the effort made by their region to achieve its independence. As I noted earlier, almost to a man, the religious leaders of Antebellum Southern society called for secession and led the way in reconciling the people of the South to all the hardships secession would cost them: taught them that separation from the North was a "holy enterprise." And in numberless sermons and religious publications, they explained their attitudes with commentary on what was wrong with Northern religion. The Reverend James A. Duncan, Methodist clergyman and editor of the *Richmond Christian Advocate*, declared that his Northern counterparts were "advocates of every semi-infidel notion which could be stated." Northern reformers "confused politics with the Gospel of Christ." Such argument was the common fare of Southern religious journalism. The number of Southern ministers who went forth to battle with the men of their congregations, either as chaplains or as men-at-arms, was astonishingly high; and, as we learn from the slightly modified story of the Reverend John Stevens, as reported by John W. Thomason in his *Lone Star Preacher* (1941), what began for many of them as an effort to give comfort and encouragement turned, once at the front, into a more inclusive kind of leadership—most often as junior officers, as the commanders of companies and regiments. And they did not change their minds about what they had done for Southern independence, not even after military defeat. Indeed, those who had served in gray, though gentle and modest Christians, were proud of that service for the remainder of their days.

...Southerners had ... serious doubts about what kind of country the United States was about to become.

To account for the secessionist unanimity of these men, from the humblest circuit rider to Bishop Leonidas Polk and such well-known ministers as M. P. Lowrey and William Pendleton (all general officers), we must look to the special features of their vocational experience in the years before the War. Charles Roland, one of our best Southern historians, has written that "the major buttress of the Confederacy was religion." He is correct in this generalization because most Southern clergymen were, during the years of sectional conflict within their denominations, convinced that "apostasy" and "Infidelity" had become the dominant religions of the North. In national meetings and in religious publications, they had confronted the various "isms" infecting the New England mind—what Cushing Strout calls "the political religion of America." They had come to understand that Progress was a substitute religion, in lieu of religion as divine revelation and the cure of souls: a substitute which commits its victims to an endless sequence of changes for the sake of worldly change; another version of that old standby, the golden calf, in recent years usually seen in disguise as the Goddess of Reason. Finally, they had listened when Theodore Parker, speaking for thousands of his kind, insisted on treating

"each man as his own Christ," declaring that "true religion was independent of the Revelation of the Bible." And listened also when Ralph Waldo Emerson predicted that John Brown, once hanged, would "make the gallows as glorious as the Cross." As the War approached, these clergymen more and more tended to view the sectional controversy as a dispute between those who acknowledged the authority of the Scripture and those who set their own moral sense above it—in other words, between Christians and infidels. What signified in Northern attacks on slavery was Yankee unwillingness to be satisfied with a Biblical case, not their personal preference for a free society. Southern criticism of Northern theologians, as Eugene Genovese demonstrates in his *"Slavery ordained of God": The Southern Slaveholders' View of Biblical History and Modern Politics* (1985), made much of this distinction as to method or approach. In exalting their own religious sense above the historic witness of the Church the abolitionists blasphemed. And if they behaved that way on one issue, using hieratic language to explore their own endlessly fresh revelation, they might well be expected to do the same in another context. This could not be suffered—or corrected by a continuous and corrosive appeal to reason. For as *De Bow's Review* observed a few months after Appomattox, "Every bloody revolution in Christendom, as well in Church as in State, for the last three hundred years, has been brought about by following the too often deceptive guide of reason."

General Lee at soldiers' prayer-meeting

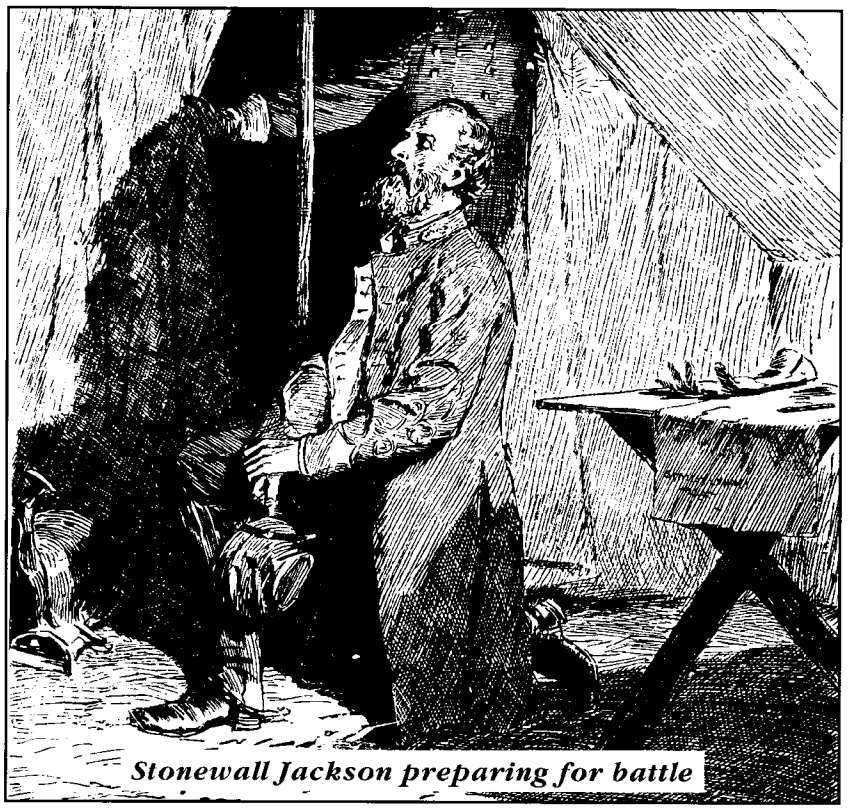
The great Southern theologians, Robert L. Dabney, James Henley Thornwell, and B. M. Palmer, as much as the ordinary Southern soldiers saw it as an error to put final confidence in the capacity of human agency to accomplish a moral revolution. To think that way was to put one's trust in "works"—an error about which they had been warned since childhood and against which, as good Christians, they were thoroughly persuaded. As mythopeic men, they saw both nature and history as providential: saw them in operation, as an action, not a set of propositions. In other words, underneath their politics was a firm theological foundation, one recognized by Richard Weaver but ill-understood in conventional works such as James W. Silver's influential *Confederate Morale and Church Propaganda.* This is the truth about this history that, under pressure from the resurgent theory of the War as the North's moral crusade, we have so often forgotten: misplaced to our own confusion and the comfort of those who are still our enemies, even as we argue about the past. For all of the great issues fought out in the 1860s are with us still, sometimes disguised, but in their fundamental character never changing.

We all know of the famous Confederate war cry, the ubiquitous "rebel yell" raised in battle from Wilson's Creek and Shiloh to Valverde and Brice's Crossroads. But the sound our forefathers made

while rushing upon the enemy in hot blood was not always the old Celtic war whoop of men ready to kill or be killed. Sometimes the anthem, when Federal legions stood ready to receive their assault, when death was the probable (not the possible) consequence of what they were doing, was a more solemn music. Writes the Reverend S. M. Cherry from Georgia in May of 1864:

> About the fifth instant, the soldiers were called from their camps to meet the enemy in the vicinity of Oakton—they literally went from the altar to their entrenchments—from their knees to the battle with their foes—still singing the songs of Zion and supplicating the throne of grace as they surrounded the fires of the bivouac, or waited to receive the fire of the foe.

Instead of a battle cry, they raised a hymn, probably in a minor key, one of the white spirituals preserved by the shape note singers, or music close akin (see Charles F. Pitt's *Chaplains in Gray* (1957). We have many stories of such moments—from the field at Franklin, from Sharpsburg, Bentonville and Cold Harbor; but most memorably from the first day at Shiloh where, in the last of many charges against Prentiss' brigade, several units under the command of General John Breckenridge, weary and shattered by repeated encounters with the foe, were urged by a few of their officers to break out in the then familiar hymn "We Shall March Away to Battle" and, picking up the tune, rose as a man to follow those officers toward their apotheosis in sheets of flame. In that moment, they personified the Confederate South at a level of its experience and commitment which talk of constitutional punctillo and the rights of secession do not begin to explain—at a level where it could not be defeated unless or until it willingly agreed to its own ruin and distortion. When and whether that happened is a question for our time, not for the men who sang their way to death that spring afternoon in Tennessee in the woods, where the dogwood bloomed.



Stonewall Jackson preparing for battle

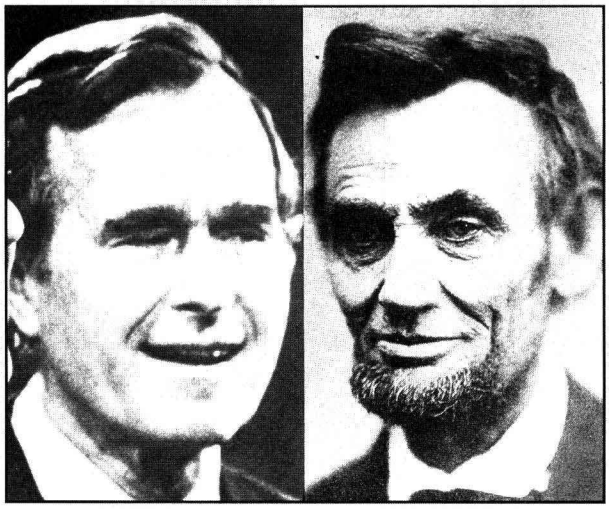
In such fierce and lovely moments, a "Solid South," the "buried nation" of our ancestors, was born. For in defeat and in the bondage of enemy occupation, Southerners could think of themselves as a people called out to a special witness, a righteous nation surviving in the midst of modernity, sealed forever in its covenant by defeat and freedom from the besetting ambitions of the victorious, progressive North. Or so the soldier-clergymen, taught by the experience of the War, encouraged them to believe. The consequences of their admonition are among us still, setting most Southerners aside from the primary delusions of our place and time. Historians who wish to understand Southern persistence in character would do well to consider this evidence, and be less concerned with explanations of Southern particularity which derive from slavery alone.✪

M. E. Bradford is a Professor of English at the University of Dallas and* Southern Partisan *Senior Editor.

The Lincoln Revolution Continues:

The "Partnership" of Government and Business

by Murray N. Rothbard



The "partnership of government and business" is a new term for an old, old condition. We often fail to realize that the point of much Big Government is precisely to set up such "partnerships," for the benefit of both government and business, or rather, of certain business firms and groups that happen to be in political favor.

We all know, for example, that "mercantilism," the economic system of Western Europe from the sixteenth through the eighteenth centuries, was a system of Big Government, of high taxes, large bureaucracy and massive controls of trade and industry. But what we tend to ignore is that the point of many of these controls was to tax and restrict consumers and most merchants and manufacturers in order to impose monopolies, cartels, and subsidies for favored groups.

The king of England, for example, might confer upon John Jones a monopoly of the production of sale of all playing cards, or of salt, in the kingdom. This would mean that anyone else trying to produce cards or salt in competition with Jones would be an outlaw, that is, in effect, would be shot in order to preserve Jones's monopoly. Jones either received this grant of monopoly because he was a particular favorite

or, say, a cousin of the king, and/or he paid for a certain number of years of the monopoly grant by giving the king what was in effect the discounted sum of expected future returns from that privilege. Kings in that early modern period, as in the case of all governments in any and all times, were chronically short of money, and the sale of monopoly privilege was a favorite form of raising funds.

A common form of sale of privilege, especially hated by the public, was "tax farming." Here, the king would, in effect, "privatize" the collection of taxes by selling, "farming out," the right to collect taxes in the kingdom for a given number of years.

Think about it: how would we like it if, for example, the federal government abandoned the IRS, and sold, or farmed out, the right to collect income taxes for a certain number of years to, say, IBM or General Dynamics? Do we want taxes to be collected with the clan and efficiency of private enterprise? Considering that IBM or General Dynamics would have paid handsomely in advance for the privilege, these firms would have the economic incentive to be ruthless in collecting taxes. Can you imagine how much we would hate these corporations? We then have an idea of how much the general public hated the tax farmers, who did not enjoy the mystique of sovereignty or kingship in the minds of the masses.

In our enthusiasm for privatizing, by the way, we should stop and think whether we would want certain government functions to be privatized, to be conducted efficiently. Would it really have been better, for example, if the Nazis had farmed out Auschwitz or Belsen to Krupp or I.G. Farben?

The United States began as a far freer country than any in Europe, for we began in rebellion against the controls, monopoly privileges, and taxes of mercantilist Britain. Unfortunately, we started catching up to Europe during the Civil War. During that terrible fratricidal conflict, the Lincoln administration, seeing that the Democratic Party in Congress was decimated by the secession of the Southern states, seized the opportunity to push the program of statism and Big Government that the Republican Party, and its predecessor, the Whigs, had long cherished.

For we must realize that the Democratic Party, throughout the nineteenth century, was the party of laissez faire, the party of separation of the government, and especially the federal government, from the economy and from virtually everything else.

The Whig/Republican Party was the party of the "American System," of the partnership of government and business.

Under cover of the Civil War, the Lincoln administration pushed through the following radical economic changes: a high protective tariff on imports; high federal excise taxes on liquor and tobacco (which they regarded as "sin taxes"); massive subsidies to newly established transcontinental railroads, in money per mile of construction and in enormous grants of land--all this fueled by a system of naked corruption; a federal income tax; the abolition of the gold standard and the issue of irredeemable fiat money ("greenbacks") to pay for the war effort; and a quasi-nationalization of the previous relatively free banking system, in the form of the National Banking System established in acts of 1863 and 1864.

In this way, the system of minimal government, free trade, no excise taxes, a gold standard, and more or less free banking of the 1840s and 1850s was replaced by its opposite. And these changes were largely permanent. The tariffs and excise taxes remained; the orgy of subsidies to uneconomic and overbuilt transcontinental railroads was ended only with their collapse in the Panic of 1873, but the effects lingered on in the secular decline of the railroads during the 20th century. It took a Supreme Court decision to declare the income tax unconstitutional(later reversed by the 16th Amendment); it took 14 years after the end of the war to return to the gold standard.

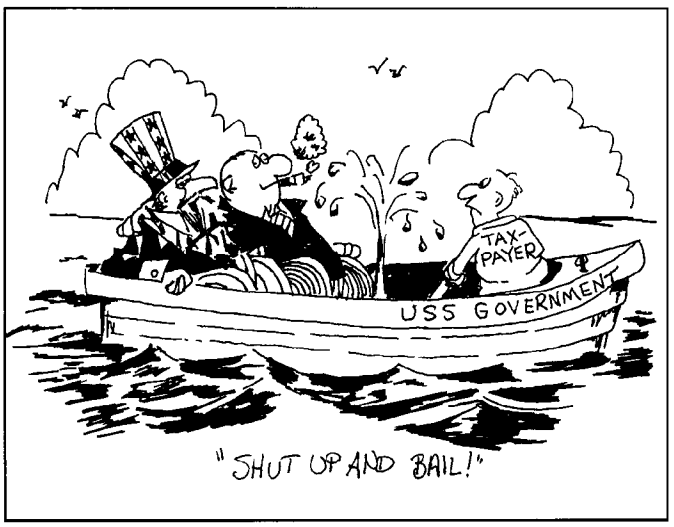
And we were never able to shed the National Banking System, in which a few "national banks" chartered by the federal government were the only banks permitted to issue notes. All the private, state-chartered banks had to be deposited with the national banks and pyramided inflationary credit on top of those national banks. The national banks kept their reserves in government bonds, which they inflated on top of.

The chief architect of this system was Jay Cooke, longtime financial patron of the corrupt career of Republican politician Salmon P. Chase of Ohio. When Chase became Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln, he promptly appointed his padron Cooke monopoly underwriter of all government bonds issued during the war. Cooke, who became a multimillionaire investment banker from this monopoly grant and was dubbed "the Tycoon," added greatly to his boodle by lobbying for the National Banking Act, which provided a built-in market for his bonds, since the national banks could inflate credit by multiple amounts on top of the bonds.

The National Banking Act, by design, was a halfway house to central banking, and by the time of the Progressive Era after the turn of the 20th century, the failings of the system enabled the Establishment to push through the Federal Reserve System as part of the general system of neomercantilism, cartelization, and partnership of government and industry, imposed in that period. The Progressive Era, from 1900 through World War I, reimposed the income tax, federal, state, and local government regulations and cartels, central banking, and finally a totally collectivist "partnership" economy during the war. The stage was set for the statist system we know all too well.

And now, the Bush administration is carrying on the old Republican tradition. Still raising taxes, inflating, pushing a system of fiat paper money, expanding controls over and through the Federal Reserve System, and now maneuvering to extend inflationary and regulatory controls still further over international currencies and goods. The northeastern Republican establishment is still cartelizing, controlling, regulating, handing out contracts to business favorites, and bailing out beloved crooks and losers. It is still playing the old "partnership" game--and still, of course, at our expense.✪

Murray Rothbard, an economist, is Contributing Editor to* The Free Market, *the official publication of the Ludwig Von Mises Institute (Auburn, Alabama 36849-5301) from which this article is reprinted.



The Creed of the Old South

by Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve

Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve was born in 1831 and died in 1924. His amazing longevity is easily grasped when one considers that at the time of his birth James Madison was alive, and when he died Ronald Reagan was 13 years old.

Born in Charleston, South Carolina and educated at the College of Charleston, he went on to Germany for further study, receiving his Ph.D. from the University of Gottingen in 1853. Upon returning to the United States, Gildersleeve began his professional career at the University of Virginia. During the War Between the States he served in the Confederate Army every summer for the duration of the War. In 1876 Gildersleeve was called to the newly-founded Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Maryland, where he helped to establish the Classics department, a department he chaired until his death.

It is no exaggeration to say that B.L. Gildersleeve is the greatest classicist America has produced. He has a worldwide reputation in his field and many of his articles and books on Classical subjects have not yet been superceded. His text of the Greek poet Pindar, for example, is still considered a model of what such things should be.

But as the attentive reader will discover in the excerpts reprinted here, Gildersleeve is always a loyal son of the South and his perceptions of the terrible conflict of 1861-65 have a universal validity because he sees the War through the eyes of the foundations of Western culture: the Greek and Latin Classics. *The Creed of the Old South* was first published in 1891.

– Charles Scott Hamel

What was to all true Confederates beyond a question "a holy cause," "the holiest of causes," this fight in defence of "the sacred soil" of our native land, was to the other side "a wicked rebellion" and "damnable treason," and both parties to the quarrel were not sparing of epithets which, at this distance of time, may seem to our children unnecessarily undignified; and no doubt some of these epitheta ornantia continue to flourish in remote regions, just as pictorial representations of Yankees and rebels in all their respective fiendishness are still cherished here and there. At the Centennial Exposition of 1876, by way of conciliating the sections, the place of honour in the "Art Annex," was given to Rothermel's painting of the battle of Gettysburg, in which the face of every dying Union soldier is lighted up with a celestial smile, while guilt and despair are stamped on the wan countenances of the moribund rebels. At least such is my recollection of the painting; and I hope that I may be pardoned for the malicious pleasure I felt when I was informed of the high price that the State of Pennsylvania had paid for that work of art. The dominant feeling was amusement, not indignation. But as I looked at it I recalled another picture of a battle-scene, painted by a friend of mine, a French artist, who had watched our life with an artist's eye. One of the figures in the foreground was a dead Confederate boy, lying in the angle of a worm fence. His uniform was worn and

ragged, mud-stained as well as blood-stained; the cap which had fallen from his head was a tatter, and the torn shoes were ready to drop from his stiffening feet; but in a buttonhole of his tunic was stuck the inevitable toothbrush, which continued even to the end of the war to be the distinguishing mark of gentle nurture-- the souvenir that the Confederate so often received from fair sympathizers in border towns. I am not a realist, but I would not exchange that homely toothbrush in the Confederate's buttonhole for the most angelic smile that Rothermel's brush could have conjured up.

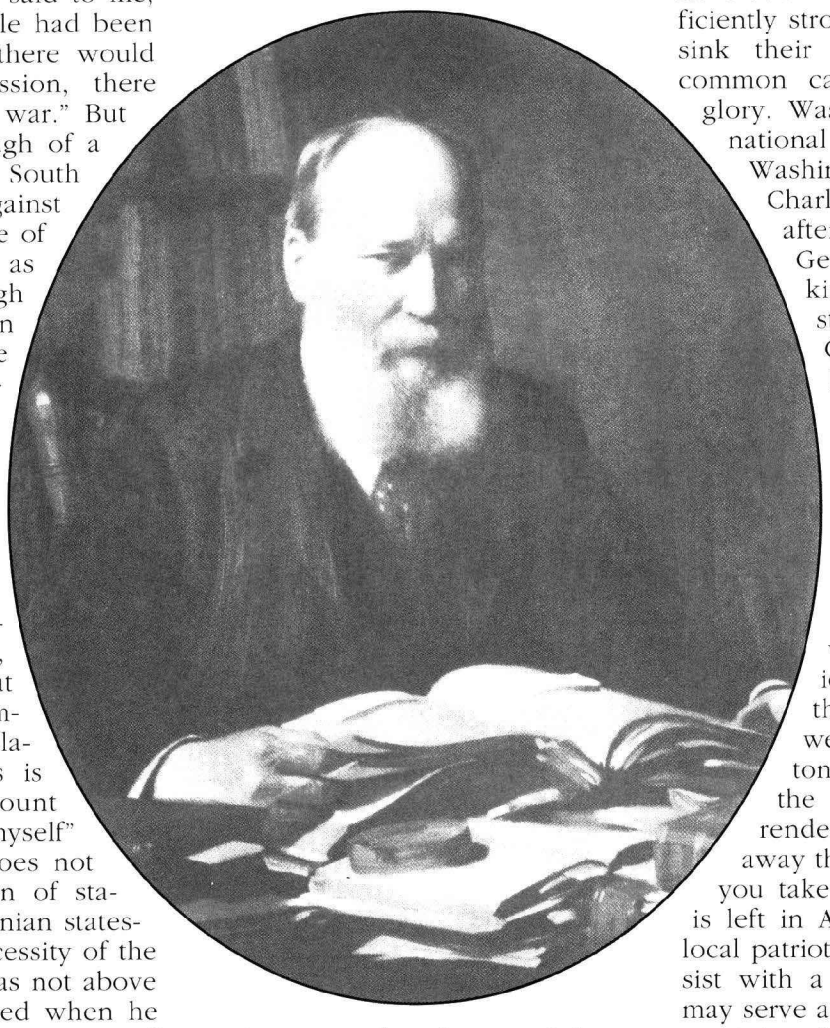
Now I make no doubt that most of the readers of *The Atlantic* have got beyond the Rothermel stage, and yet I am not certain that all of them appreciate the entire clearness of conscience with which we of the South went into the war. A new patriotism is one of the results of the great conflict, and the power of local patriotism is no longer felt to the same degree. In one of his recent deliverances Mr. Carnegie, a canny Scot who has constituted himself the representative of American patriotism, says, "The citizen of the republic today is prouder of being an American than he is of being a native of any State in the country." What it is to be a native of any State in the country, especially an old State with an ancient and honorable history, is something that Mr. Carnegie cannot possibly understand. But the "today" is superfluous. The Union was a world of power in 1861 as it is in 1891. Before the secession of Virginia a Virginian Breckinridge asked: "If exiled in a foreign land, would the heart turn back to Virginia, or South Carolina, or New York, or to any one State as the cherished home of its pride? No. We would remember only that we were Americans." Surely this seems quite as patriotic as Mr. Carnegie's utterance; and yet, to the native Virginian just quoted, so much stronger was the State than the central government that, a few weeks after this bold speech, he went into the war, and finally perished in the war. "A Union man," says his biographer, "fighting for the rights of his old mother, Virginia." And there were many men of his mind, noted generals, valiant soldiers.

The *University Memorial,* which records the names and lives of the alumni of the University of Virginia who fell in the Confederate war, two hundred in number,-- this volume, full "of memories and of sighs" to every Southern man of my age, lies open before me as I write, and some of the noblest men who figure in its pages were Union men; and the *Memorial* of the Virginia Military Institute tells the same story with the same eloquence. The State was imperilled, and parties disappeared; and of the combatants in the field, some of the bravest and the most conspicuous belonged to those whose love of the old Union was warm and strong, to whom the severance of the tie that bound the States together was a personal grief. But even those who prophesied the worst, who predicted a long and bloody struggle and a doubtful result, had no question about the duty of the citizen; shared the common burden and submitted to the individual sacrifice as readily as the veriest fire-eater, nay,—as they claimed, more readily. The most intimate friend I ever had, who fell after heroic services, was known by all our circle to be utterly at variance with the prevalent Southern view of the quarrel, and died upholding a right which was not a right to him except so far as the mandate of his State made it a right; and while he would have preferred to see "the old flag" floating over a united people, he restored the new banner to its place time after time when it had been cut down by shot and shell.

Those who were bred in the opposite political faith, who read their right of withdrawal in the Constitution, had less heart-searching to begin with than the Union men of the South; but when the State called there were no parties, and the only trace of the old difference was a certain rivalry which should do the better fighting. This ready response to the call of the State showed very clearly that, despite varying theories of government, the people of the Southern States were practically of one mind as to the seat of the paramount obligation. Adherence to the Union was a matter of sentiment, a matter of interest. The arguments urged on the

> ...I am trying to make others understand and to understand myself what it was to be a Southern man twenty-five years ago; what it was to accept with the whole heart the creed of the Old South. The image of the living Federal bids me refrain from harsh words in the presence of those who were my captors. The dead Confederate bids me uncover the sacred memories that the dust of life's Appian Way hides from the tenderest and truest of those whose business it is to live and work.
>
> –Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve, 1891

South against secession were addressed to the memories of the glorious struggle for independence, to the anticipation of the glorious future that awaited the united country, to the difficulties and the burdens of a separate life. Especial stress was laid on the last argument; and the expense of a separate government, of a standing army, was set forth in appalling figures. A Northern student of the war once said to me, "If the Southern people had been of a statistical turn, there would have been no secession, there would have been no war." But there were men enough of a statistical turn in the South to warn the people against the enormous expense of indepen- dence, just as there are men enough of a statistical turn in Italy to remind the Italians of the enormous cost of national unity. "Counting the cost" is in things temporal the only wise course, as in the building of a tower; but there are times in the life of an individual, of a people, when the things that are eternal force themselves into the calculation, and the abacus is nowhere. "Neither count I my life dear unto myself" is a sentiment that does not enter into the domain of statistics. The great Athenian statesman who saw the necessity of the Peloponnesian war was not above statistics, as he showed when he passed in review the resources of the Athenian empire, the tribute from the allies, the treasure laid up in the House of the Virgin. But when he addressed the people in justification of the war, he based his argument, not on a calculation of material resources, but on a simple principle of right. Submission to any encroachment, the least as well as the greatest, on the rights of a State means slavery. To us submission meant slavery, as it did to Pericles and the Athenians; as it did to the great historian of Greece, who had learned this lesson from the Peloponnesian war, and who took sides with the Southern states, to the great dismay of his fellow radicals, who could not see, as George Grote saw, the real point at issue in the controversy. Submission is slavery, and the bitterest taunt in the vocabulary of those who advanced secession was "submissionist."



...There is such a thing as fighting for a principle, an idea; but principle and idea must be incarnate, and the principle of States' rights was incarnate in the historical life of the Southern people. Of the thirteen original States, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia were openly and officially upon the side of the South. Maryland as a State was bound hand and foot. We counted her as ours, for the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay united as well as divided. Each of these States had a history, had an individuality. Every one was something more than a certain aggregate of square miles wherein dwelt an uncertain number of uncertain inhabitants, something more than a Territory transformed into a State by the magic of political legerdemain; a creature of the central government, and duly loyal to its creator.

...The cohesive power of the Revolutionary war was not sufficiently strong to make the States sink their contributions to the common cause in the common glory. Washington was the one national hero, and yet the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston was named, not after the illustrious George, but after his kinsman, William. The story of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill did not thrill the South Carolinian of an earlier day, and those great achievements were actually criticized. Who were Putnam and Stark that South Carolinians should worship them, when they had a Marion and a Sumter of their own? Vermont went wild over Bennington as she did not over the centenary of the surrender at Yorktown. Take away this local patriotism and you take out all the color that is left in American life. That the local patriotism may not only consist with a wider patriotism, but may serve as a most important element in wider patriotism, is true. Witness the strong local life in the old provinces of France. No student of history, no painter of manners, can neglect it. In *Gerfaut,* a novel written before the Franco-Prussian war, Charles de Bernard represents an Alsatian shepherd as saying, "I am not French; I am Alsatian,"—*"trait de patriotisme de clocher assez commun dans la belle province du Rhin,"* adds the author, little dreaming of the national significance of that *"patriotisme de clocher."* The Breton's love of his

home is familiar to every one who has read his Renan, and Blanché Willis Howard, in Guenn, makes her priest exclaim, "Monsieur, I would fight with France against any other nation, but I would fight with Brittany against France. I love France. I am a Frenchman. But first of all I am a Breton." The Provencal speaks of France as if she were a foreign country, and fights for her as if she were his alone. What is true of France is true in a measure of England. Devonshire men are notoriously Devonshire men first and last. If this is true of what have become integral parts of kingdom or republic by centuries of incorporation, what is to be said of the States that had never renounced their sovereignty, that had only suspended it in part?

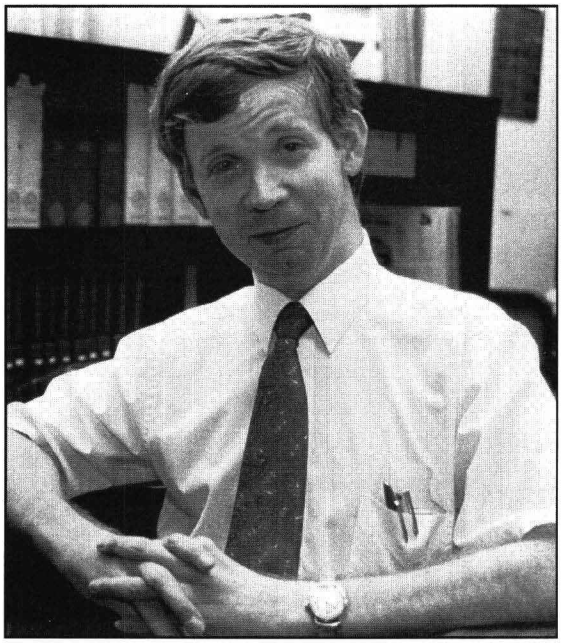
The example of state pride set by the older states was not lost on the younger Southern states, and the Alabamian and the Mississipian lived in the same faith as did the stock from which they sprang; and the community of views, of interest, of social order, soon made a larger unit and prepared the way for a true nationality, and with the nationality a great conflict. The heterogeneousness of the elements that made up the Confederacy did not prove the great source of weakness that was expected. The Border States looked on the world with different eyes from the Gulf States. The Virginia farmer and the Creole planter of Louisiana were of different strains; and yet there was a solidarity that has never failed to surprise the few Northerners who penetrated the South for study and pleasure. There was an extraordinary ramification of family and social ties throughout the Southern States, and a few minutes' conversation sufficed to place any member of the social organism from Virginia to Texas. Great schools, like the University of Virginia, within the Southern border did much to foster the community of feeling, and while there were not a few Southerners at Harvard and Yale, and while Princeton was almost a Southern college, an education in the North did not seem to nationalize the Southerner.

...I have tried in this paper to reproduce the past and its perspective, to show how the men of my time and of my environment looked at the problems that confronted us. It has been a painful and, I fear, a futile task. So far as I have reproduced the perspective for myself it has been a revival of sorrows such as this generation cannot understand; it has recalled the hours when it gave one a passion for death, a shame of life, to read our bulletins. And how could I hope to reproduce that perspective for others, for men who belong to another generation and another region, when so many men who lived the same life and fought on the same side have themselves lost the point of view not only of the beginning of the war, but also of the end of the war, not only of the inexpressible exaltation, but of the unutterable degradation? They have forgotten what a strange world the survivors of the conflict had to face. If the State had been ours still, the foundations of the earth would not have been out of course; but the State was a military district, and the Confederacy had ceased to exist. The generous policy which would have restored the State and made a new union possible, which would have disentwined much of the passionate clinging to the past, was crossed by the death of the only man who could have carried it through, if even he could have carried it through; and years of trouble had to pass before the current of national life ran freely through the Southern States. It was before this circuit was complete that the principal of one of the chief schools of Virginia set up a tablet to the memory of the "old boys" who had perished in the war,—it was a list the length of which few Northern colleges could equal,—and I was asked to furnish a motto. Those who know classic literature at all know that for patriotism and friendship mottoes are not far to seek, but during the war I felt as I had never felt before the meaning of many a classic sentence. The motto came from Ovid, whom many call a frivolous poet; but the frivolous Roman was after all a Roman, and he was young when he wrote the line,—too young not to feel the generous swell of true feeling. It was written of the dead brothers of Briseis:—

Qui bene pro patria cum patriaque iacent.

The sentiment found an echo at the time, deserved an echo at the time. Now it is a sentiment without an echo, and last year a valued personal friend of mine, in an eloquent oration, a noble tribute to the memory of our great captain, a discourse full of the glory of the past, the wisdom of the present, the hope of the future, rebuked the sentiment as idle in its despair. As well rebuke a cry of anguish, a cry of desolation out of the past. For those whose names are recorded on that tablet the line is but too true. For those of us who survive it has ceased to have the import that it once had, for we have learned to work resolutely for the furtherance of all that is good in the wider life that has been opened to us by the issue of the war, without complaining, without repining. That the cause we fought for and our brothers died for was the cause of civil liberty, and not the cause of human slavery, is a thesis which we feel ourselves bound to maintain whenever our motives are challenged or misunderstood, if only for our children's sake. But even that will not long be necessary, for the vindication of our principles will be made manifest in the working out of the problems with which the republic has to grapple. If, however, the effacement of state lines and the complete centralization of the government shall prove to be the wisdom of the future, the poetry of life will still find its home in the old order and those who loved their State best will live longest in song and legend,—song yet unsung, legend not yet crystallized . ✪

Conversation with Michael Montgomery



Michael Montgomery, Associate Professor of Linguistics at the University of South Carolina, is a native of Knoxville, Tennessee. He received degrees from Maryville College, the University of Tennessee, and the University of Florida. His interests are mainly Southern American speech, particularly Appalachian English. He is at the present time writing a dictionary of hillbilly English, which he prefers to call for professional reasons *A Dictionary of Smoky Mountain English*.

He has edited several books on Southern American English, and was a consulting editor for the *Encyclopedia of Southern Culture*. His current projects include the tracing of the language of the Scotch-Irish from Scotland to Ulster to Appalachia into the 20th century. He recently received a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities to study Colonial American English.

Southern Partisan: Is television destroying the Southern accent?

Montgomery: I don't think so. It's a common myth. We blame television for a lot of things in this society. A lot of social ills, a lot of communication problems we have are blamed on television. I don't know how to disprove that. But I think the level of TV viewing would be higher in small towns in the South than it would be in big cities. In the city, people don't stay at home as much.

Southern Partisan: That's true.

Montgomery: Particularly in the small towns these days, everybody's got cable TV and they are "hooked in"; even on the weekend they stay home and watch TV. But people in small towns have a stronger accent than people in the cities. So, I would think that TV would have a more corrosive effect on the people who watch it more. I think there are a lot of other factors that are affecting the Southern accent, TV is just the easiest one to point to.

What's interesting is, a generation ago people blamed radio, two generations ago people blamed highways— the government building all of these highways bringing all these people from elsewhere into our com- munities, corrupting our language and making everybody lose their distinctiveness. The generation before that, which was the First World War, they blamed it on the draft, which mixed people from everywhere and diluted their accent before sending them home. So, there is always some ready excuse for that. But the questions are: "Is it happening?" and "What are the real causes?" It has happened to a certain extent, but I don't think it has anything to do with the media.

Southern Partisan: You've been studying the Southern accent for over a decade; how does one determine if it's fading or not?

Montgomery: Well, generally, what we do is compare the speech of people of different generations. And what we find is that a lot of pronunciations that grandparents have, grandchildren don't have. But not all of those changes in pronunciation and accent are in the direction of the rest of the country. What I mean is this. For instance, low country South Carolinians never pronounced "r" after vowels, people always said "Chahleston." Nowadays a lot of young people say "Charleston"; they do put the "r" in. It's very, very common. In that case, Charleston speech is getting more like most of the rest of the country. In some other ways, however, Southern speech is becoming more different. Like more

and more Southerners pronounce "pen" and "pin" the same way. Pen/pin—ink pen/straight pin. There are empirical studies in Southern speech that show people born eighty years ago pronounce those words differently.

Southern Partisan: In the South?

Montgomery: Yes. At least in the lower South, probably not in Tennessee, but in Alabama, Florida, etc. Nowadays most Southerners pronounce them the same. So, in that sense Southern speech is becoming more unlike the rest of the country. I can mention several other specific features, sort of a mixed bag; in some ways Southern speech is conforming, in many other ways it is becoming less and less like the speech of the rest of the country.

Southern Partisan: I remember reading that you said that someone in Atlanta may be more likely to speak like someone from Memphis than someone from Marietta, Georgia.

Montgomery: Maybe from Cartersville. Marietta is too much of a bedroom community for Atlanta.

There is certainly a uniformity in urban Southern speech. These people have tended to move from city to city or at least from suburb to suburb since the Second World War. So that people in Birmingham speak more like people in Atlanta than like people in Tuscaloosa, or little towns down the road. That is true.

Southern Partisan: Where does someone get his accent from? His parents? His peers?

Montgomery: Well, they primarily gain their speech from their peers; that's why Northerners when they move down here frequently pick up expressions like "ya'll," because of a very strong peer influence. The vast majority of Northern students who come to USC acquire "ya'll" very quickly. I ask my Northern students about that and they all say things like, "I resisted," or "I was horrified the first time I heard myself using it." But they don't have as many inhibitions about it now. It helped them fit in so much, and it was so useful. So obviously it's peer influence that's far stronger than anything else, at least for most people.

Southern Partisan: Is it true that colleges offer courses to help Southerners erase their accents?

Montgomery: There certainly aren't college credit courses. There are some courses offered through colleges that are something like "Speaking For Success." In other words they will help you deceive the customers, to make them think you are somebody you are not, I suppose. There was a series of newspaper stories about that four or five years ago, and even a couple of call-in radio programs, I remember. They are noteworthy for two reasons—because of the relatively few people who take them, and for the violent reaction to them. Lewis Grizzard came out with a really strong piece about these courses and one of the teachers had his front yard rolled with toilet tissue and hate letters put in his mailbox.

So it certainly riled up at least as many Southerners as were taking the courses, I might tell you.

Southern Partisan: When did a distinct Southern accent emerge?

Montgomery: That's a real good question. I have something to say about that in the Encyclopedia of Southern Culture. I say in there that as far as we can tell, somewhere in the mid-19th century. Although it's really hard to tell much about pronunciation of previous generations; we don't have any recordings, you have to sort of make some guesses from the way people misspell words. It's the same way they reconstruct the pronunciation of classical languages. They look at graffiti, things written by people who are not very literate, or whatever.

Southern Partisan: And by grammarians who tell you the correct way to pronounce something and give you the wrong way.

Montgomery: Yes, by implication; when they would say, "This is the correct way," you know a lot of other people are pronouncing it the opposite way. It's a fascinating form of detective work, really. The reason I said mid-19th century was a couple of things; one of them is there was a lot of movement into and out of the South until the Civil War. There wasn't that barrier between the North and the South that existed in the latter half of the 19th century. People were moving from Pennsylvania to South Carolina and throughout the region. (My great-great-grandfather moved from Pennsylvania to Alabama.) There wasn't nearly as much North-South movement after the Civil War. So, I think that the fluid situation up until the time of the Civil War meant there really weren't the fixed regional accents that later came to be. And actually, after the Civil War a number of things developed that sort of created the Southern accent. One of them is this example of "pen" and "pin" being pronounced the same, though it's somewhat more recent. But there are a number of other things that arose, that we now think of as typical, Southern English— like the spread of "ya'll" and the spread of expressions like "might could," for instance.

Those are now typically Southern. But from our available evidence, they were almost never used in this country until after the Civil War. And so, presumably, they may even have become a

part of the Southern identification with the region. People identify, "I am Southern, I talk a certain way, I use certain expressions, I use a certain accent," that sort of thing. I think there are some grounds for making a case for that. In the 19th century the South became more and more defensive and self-conscious. Not that it wasn't very defensive and self-conscious in the 1850s, but in the face of defeat I think that was probably magnified.

Southern Partisan: Did the founding fathers talk like we do?

Montgomery: You're drawing on Mr. Cleanth Brooks' ideas, are you?

Southern Partisan: A little bit. I think it was his assertion, in a lecture he gave at Mercer, that the Southern accent is the first cousin to the Massachusetts accent. What is your opinion?

Montgomery: I don't really think that there is a connection between Massachusetts and Virginia. Brooks takes the view that Virginia speech is basically transferred from the Southwest of England. And by inference, that the Massachusetts accent is very closely related to East Anglia, the region northeast of London.

Brooks has some interesting ideas. What it is fair to say in very general terms is that the upcountry sound has a lot of similarities to the north of Ireland and Scotland, through the Scotch-Irish immigration, and the lower South some similarities with southeastern England. But there are a lot of Scotch-Irish that settled in the lower South as well. My ancestors on my mother's side, the Cunninghams, settled in southern Alabama, and they were Scotch-Irish. So we can say in very general terms that when this nation was founded there were some regional differences between the lowland South and the upland South and they did have some correlation to the Old Country. But not a lot of research has been done on that, and none really in the last, say forty, years.

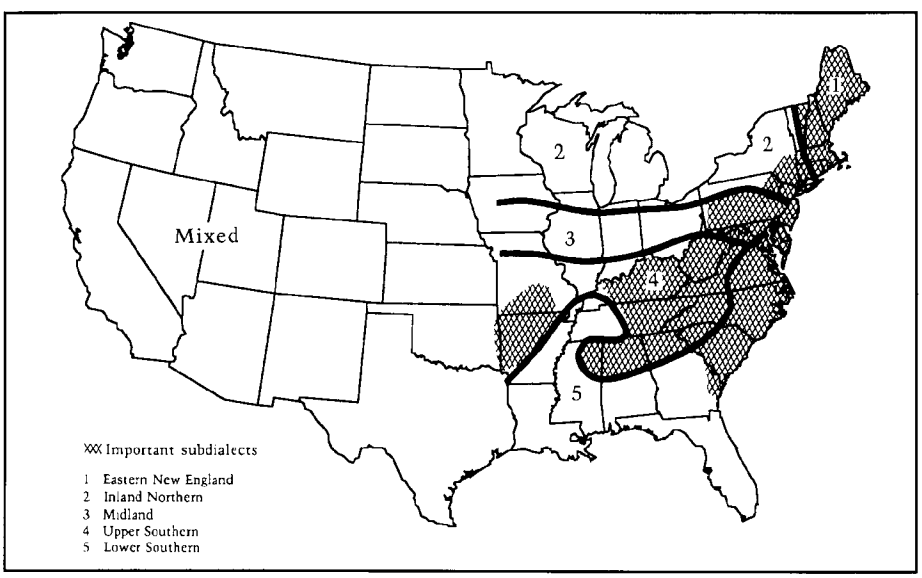
I say no work that has been done in the last forty years has been about this accent. Over the last three to four years, I have been doing a lot myself, trying to connect Appalachian speech with northern Ireland. I've been to northern Ireland the last four summers digging up the historical records and making those connections. I think "y'all" came from northern Ireland, from Ulster. I think "might could" did, and a lot of others as well. So I think we are approaching more information about that. But for the most part, linguists haven't done their homework.

Southern Partisan: I remember your saying that "git" (get) and "mo" (more) might be carryovers. Is there some case for that?

Montgomery: Oh, yes. But I think that we have a tendency to want to, like our ancestors, pinpoint where certain words came from. Words have a life of their own, they spread. They may have been brought over by one particular group, but words spread throughout the population, they are not restricted to a region. It's difficult to make those very specific connections.

There are a lot of words that can be traced back to different parts of different areas, but I'm linguist enough that I try not to make over- generalizations that are very tempting to make.

The other thing important to say here is that so much of American English was created once people got here. The vast majority of words that Americans use that are, say, either Southern or Northern or New England were not brought from some part of the British Isles, but were either borrowed from the



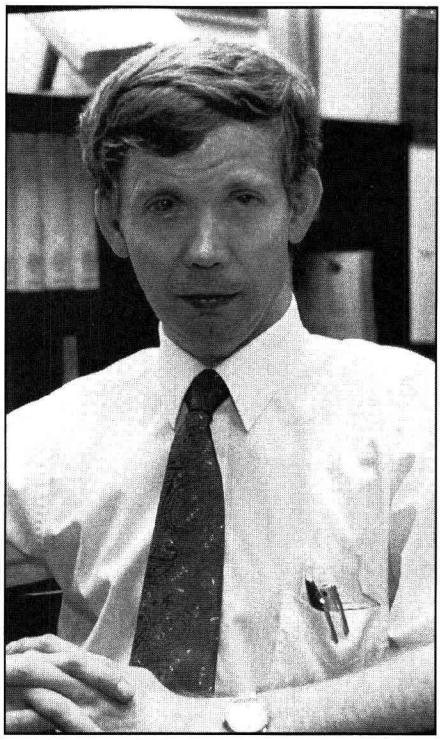
languages the colonists had contact with, or were created for some cultural experience, or whatever. To just talk about how American English matches with British English ignores the fact that American English is extremely creative; there are thousands and tens of thousands of words that are unknown in Britain.

Southern Partisan: Thus the need for British-American, American-British dictionaries.

Montgomery: They are constantly coming out.

Southern Partisan: Does Australian English tend to be as creative as American English?

Montgomery: I'm sure that's the case. Yes. I don't really know much about Australian English, but I do know that other places where English has gone, like to India for instance, there has been an enormous influence from the native language, as well as all sorts of new creations. Of course the Australians don't look to the Scotch-Irish or to southwest England; they have this idea that they all came from Cockney criminals, and that used to be a source of considerable dismay to them. You know the first Australians were convicts who were shipped so far away that there was no danger of them ever finding their way back. And then a lot of the other early Australians were working class Londoners who were looking to find some economic stability in the new world. So Australian pronunciations really are still really similar to working class London speech. Within the last twenty years, Australians have completely turned around. Before, they had this idea that their speech was still far inferior to British speech. But now they are in a mode of self-assertion, that so many people are. "This is ours, we should be proud of it, why in the world do we try to continue to mimic people who are on the other side of the globe?" Australian speech is becoming more and more acceptable even in the fancy prep schools in Australia.



Southern Partisan: What about Walter Cronkite "broadcast speech"? Has it been modified at all?

Montgomery: Broadcast speech, at least in my experience, has been largely Midwestern, if we think about the "r" after vowels and other pronunciations. And it's not just that it's Midwestern, it's MidAtlantic. What that ultimately reflects is the influence of the Delaware Valley, that is, Pennsylvania. In the 18th century, people from everywhere came into Philadelphia. It wasn't just the Quakers and Scotch-Irish, it was Germans and lots of other people and it was from Pennsylvania that people spread throughout the rest of the country. People in New England didn't migrate very far. People in the lower South sort of migrated along the plantation belt through to Texas. But the vast middle of the country was settled basically through Philadelphia, people moving west, north a little along the Great Lakes, Pittsburgh and down the Ohio Valley.

Southern Partisan: You had the Pennsylvania Germans coming down the Shenandoah Valley. You've got York County and Lancaster County, South Carolina.

Montgomery: That's right. Those are both from northern England. And I think those counties are next to each other in Pennsylvania as well. It's the War of the Roses with the Yorks and Lancasters whenever they get out on the baseball field upstate. Lancaster is the state champion in baseball and they really sort of view that, friends tell me up there, as a sort of recreation of a five-hundred-year-old war.

But Philadelphia was the melting pot of the 18th century, and it was there that the Scotch-Irish came, who were pronouncers of "r"s and they more than anyone else influenced the tendency to pronounce "r"s that then spread throughout the United States.

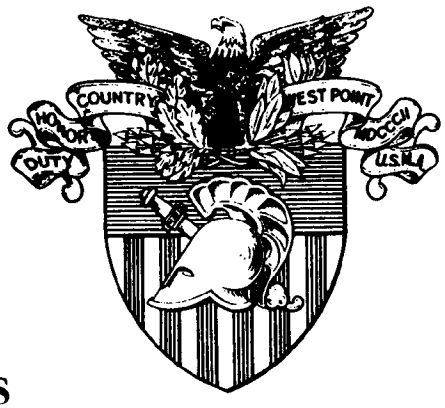
Southern Partisan: We appreciate your time.

Montgomery: It was my pleasure.✪

Southern Sons at West Point

1861

by Bryant Burroughs



The events in faraway Kansas, Harpers Ferry, and Charleston that propelled the nation toward the secession winter of 1860-1861 exploded upon the United States Military Academy at West Point. The storm clouds of war forced cadets from Southern states to choose between home and the Union to which they had pledged loyalty. The terrible choice hit hardest the Class of 1861, whose members lacked only a few months completing the demanding five-year West Point course.

The cadets who comprised West Point's Class of 1861 first climbed the steep path leading from the South Dock to the Plain during the summer of 1856. Except for a brief summer furlough in 1858, the Academy's confines were home for the next five years. The new cadets discovered a West Point powerfully influenced by Southern martial fervor, despite domination of the academic and administrative staff by Northern officers. William Hardee of Georgia arrived with the new cadets that summer to serve four years as Commandant. Secretary of War Jefferson Davis, a West Point graduate, had taken a keen interest in the training of future officers, and Robert E. Lee recently had completed a brilliant stint as Superintendent.

The corps of cadets was stocked with Southern sons:

★The just-graduated Class of 1856 would produce three Confederate generals, including Fitzhugh Lee.

★Fifteen of the 38 graduates of the Class of 1857 would serve the Confederacy, and the class produced three generals, including Edward Porter Alexander.

★The final academic rankings of the Class of 1858 were unusual: five of the top six cadets were Southerners, and all would fight for their states. Eleven of the 27 graduates would serve the Confederacy, including one general and eight colonels.

★The Class of 1859 would graduate five future officers in the Confederate Army, including Joseph Wheeler and Robert Beckham.

★The Class of 1860 would send nine of its 41 graduates into Confederate service, led by roommates Dodson Ramseur and Wade Hampton Gibbes.

★The Class of 1861 included John Pelham and Tom Rosser. One class behind were Edward Willis and Pierce Young, and two classes behind were James Dearing and James Barrow.

When the Class of 1861 began its formal course of instruction in September 1856, about one-third of West Point's cadets hailed from Southern states. Most Southern cadets were assigned to Company D, which was housed in the south end of the four-story west barracks. Many did not remain for long. Fewer than half of cadets admitted each year graduated, and most of these "returns" were Southern boys. Superior preparatory schools in the East enabled Northern cadets to outperform Southern cadets in West Point's difficult academic demands, which Henry Du Pont of Delaware, who would rank first in the Class of 1861, considered to be at least twice as difficult as he had experienced at the University of Pennsylvania. North Carolina's Dodson Ramseur wrote home his first year that no one could ever "imagine the severity of the West Point course." Five years later he observed that graduating cadets had "endured an ordeal that none but men of the true Stamp could stand."

Although struggling to rise from the bottom rankings in academic subjects, Southern cadets were selected for two- thirds of the officer slots within the corps. Born to

command, they thrived on everything military: summer encampment, horseback riding class, artillery drill, even the endless marching to and from class and meals. The highest ranking cadet officer was First Captain, a coveted position for which the West Point staff annually selected a fifth-year cadet. First Captain for the 1860-1861 year was Nathaniel Chambliss of Tennessee.

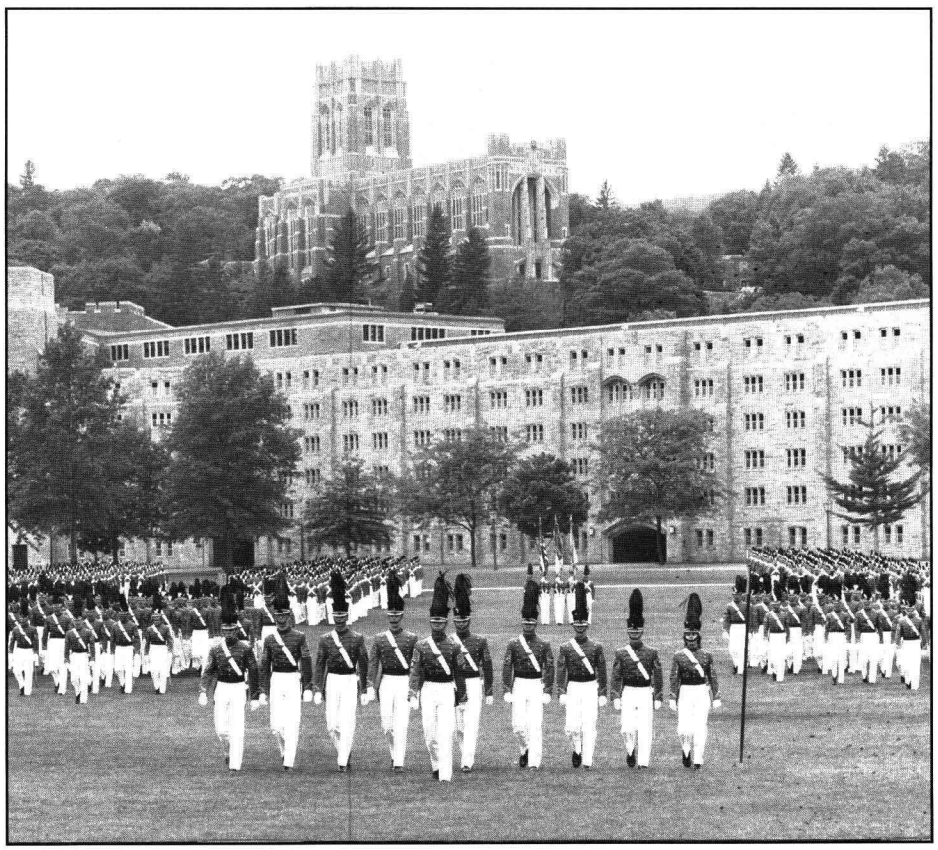
Although Porter Alexander recalled fights between Northern and Southern cadets as early as 1856, these usually were the antics of young men on a hot day of cadet drills. West Point's close quarters and rigorous regimen insulated the cadets from the bitter sectional antagonisms then splitting the country. Cadets from Northern and Southern states often roomed together, and Dodson Ramseur's eagerness to punish any "miserable Abolitionist" in the next Plebe class was an exception.

Young men of intelligence, grace, and manners were drawn into close friendship, despite accidents of birthplace. Du Pont from Delaware roomed with Llewellyn Hoxton of Virginia in a barracks room across from staunch Southerners Gibbes and Ramseur. Maine's Adelbert Ames roomed with Alabamian John Pelham for a time, until Pelham teamed with fellow Southerner Thomas Rosser. Another barracks room housed Charles Ball from Alabama and Patrick Henry O'Rorke of New York; and in yet another were George Woodruff of Michigan and John O'Brien of Texas. Many years later, Morris Schaff remembered his close friendship with roommate John Asbury West of Georgia: "Until I knew him so well – I made friends slowly – a deep sense of loneliness would come over me at intervals as a cadet, a longing for something, and I suppose that something was a friend."

Such friendships transcended not only sectional conflict, but West Point regulations and even death. During late spring in 1860, Ohioan George Custer organized a farewell party for graduating cadets Ramseur, Gibbes, Wesley Merritt of New York, and Alexander Pennington from New Jersey. Custer's fellow hosts included Pelham, Rosser, and Ames. Placing dummies in their beds to conceal their absence, the dozen cadets sneaked the mile to Benny Havens' tavern, where they enjoyed hot rum flip, a drink that combined egg, sugar, and rum. The joyous celebration lasted until past midnight. Little more than four years later, Union officers Du Pont, Custer, and Merritt would sit all night by the deathbed of Ramseur at Belle Grove, to which he had been brought after falling at Cedar Creek.

In his 1859 Fourth of July Address, Virginia's William Westwood McCreery spoke for most of the cadet corps when he implored, "Let us put from us the seeds of sectional strife and draw closer and closer the bonds of this glorious union." Cadets occasionally argued about slavery, states' rights, secession, the Dred Scott decision, or Abraham Lincoln, but these arguments were for the most part confined to late-night discussions in Company D. Despite the brewing conflict, West Point remained, in the description of Superintendent Lee a few years earlier, "a band of brothers."

But the news of John Brown's failed insurrection at Harpers Ferry in October 1859 began a year of division that culminated in the election of Lincoln. It wasn't just that Brown's men had killed George S. Turner of the Class of 1831 or that they had held hostage the father of Cadet James Washington. Rather, Southern cadets instinctively recognized that their homeland was now at



risk. Pierce Young expressed Southern reaction in a letter to his father in Georgia the week before Brown was hanged: "I suppose you are stirred up to a high pitch in our section of the country, and the excitement no doubt increases as Brown's execution draws near.... I do hope that the time is not far distant when it shall be determined whether or not this government is to fall into the hands of traitors. It may be and I believe it will open on next Friday's noon." Young and a classmate hung Brown in effigy from a barracks window.

On the day of Brown's execution, James Barrow wrote on page 125 of his geometry textbook: "Friday Dec 16th 59 the remainder of the Harpers Ferry thieves, traitors, & will be hung today." The South blamed radical abolitionists for creating terrorists such as Brown, and many Southern cadets loudly condemned any who shared the abolitionist view. Du Pont reported to his parents: "There has been a great deal of talk about John Brown. A great many here seem to think the Union is going to be dissolved."

P. G. T. Beauregard, Class of 1838

Frequent fistfights foreshadowed far bloodier battles. One vicious brawl between James Wilson of Illinois and William Westwood McCreery of Virginia drew a large crowd to the seclusion of old Fort Clinton. But the fight that men remembered with clarity a half-century later was fought between Emory Upton of New York and Wade Hampton Gibbes of South Carolina. The two protagonists seemed to personify the national factions then splitting both the Union and its military academy. Morris Schaff, a first-year cadet that year, recalled the Upton-Gibbes fight as "the most thrilling event in my life as a cadet; and in my judgment it was the most significant in that of West Point itself."

Emory Upton was an outspoken abolitionist who had attended Oberlin College, which admitted black students. A Northern cadet overheard Gibbes insinuate that Upton had slept with black women while at Oberlin, and the cadet reported these remarks to Upton. The next day Upton confronted Gibbes and demanded an explanation. Gibbes refused and the two agreed to meet in a first-floor barracks room.

While the cadet sentinel raced to alert the corporal of the guard, the two combatants and their seconds entered the room, and the entire corps crowded on the stairs outside, each cadet cheering for his favorite. The stronger Gibbes mauled the slightly-built Upton, who emerged bleeding to be greeted by howling Southern cadets. Upton's roommate, John Rogers of Pennsylvania, challenged any Southerner on the stairs to fight, but cooler tempers and the arrival of the corporal of the guard prevented further bloodshed.

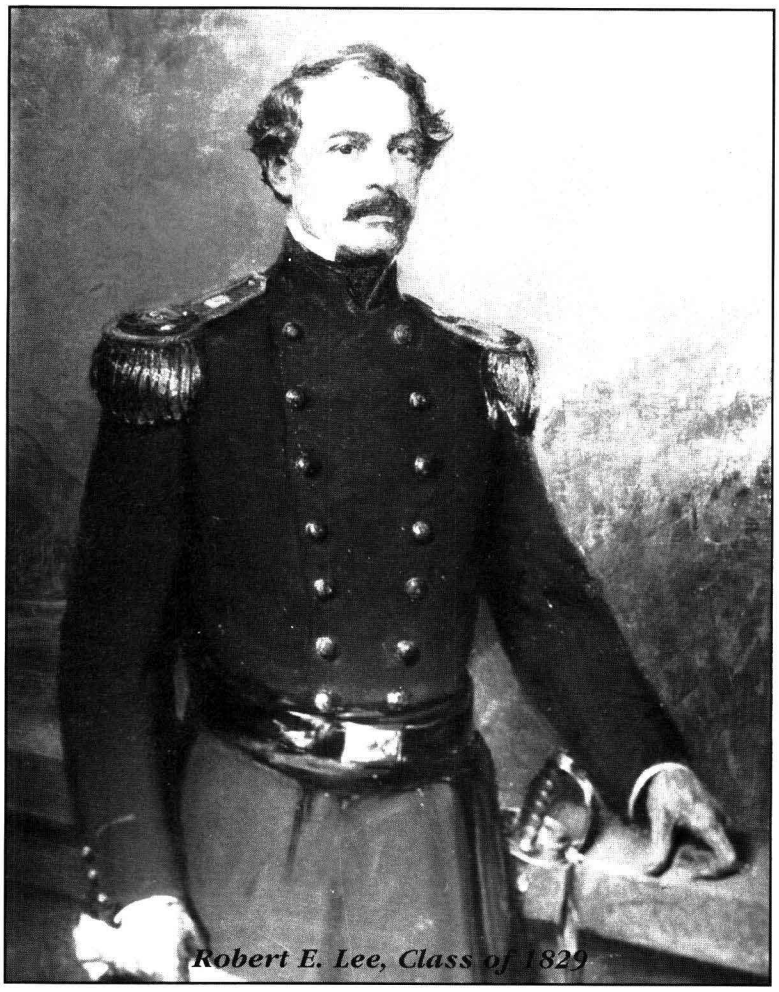
An uneasy truce settled upon West Point. Cadets debated the presidential election of 1860, and even conducted a mock election, which Pierce Young and other Southerners allegedly fixed, so that Lincoln finished last. But as actual election returns brought victory to Lincoln and the Republican Party, secession spirit spread throughout the South. In the lower South, Lincoln's election alone was sufficient to trigger secession, and South Carolina called its legislature into session for the purpose of determining whether or not that state should remain in the Union.

Lincoln's election triggered dozens of fistfights at West Point. Lights burned late in Company D barracks as each Southern cadet faced a fateful decision, a decision most difficult of all for the Southerners in the Class of 1861—First Captain Chambliss, Pelham, Rosser, Hoxton, and others. They had invested five years of sacrifice and study, and stood only months away from a prestigious officer's commission in the United States Army. They had

lived by the West Point motto of "Duty, Honor, Country," but many now believed that their duty and honor required service to the country being born in Charleston.

It was an agonizing struggle. It can be seen in the lines John Pelham wrote to his father in December 1860: "I had hoped, fondly hoped, to graduate here. It would be exceedingly gratifying to me and I know to the whole family also for me to receive a diploma from this Institution, but fate seems to have willed it otherwise. I don't see any honorable course, other than that of tendering my resignation, when Ala. leaves the Union, and offering my services to her." But Pelham's father wisely ordered his son to wait.

Edward Anderson of Virginia wrote after reaching his decision: "I know well that I resign everything." Even Pierce Young of Georgia, a cadet secessionist leader, chided his family: "You and others down there don't realize the sacrifice resigning means."



Robert E. Lee, Class of 1829

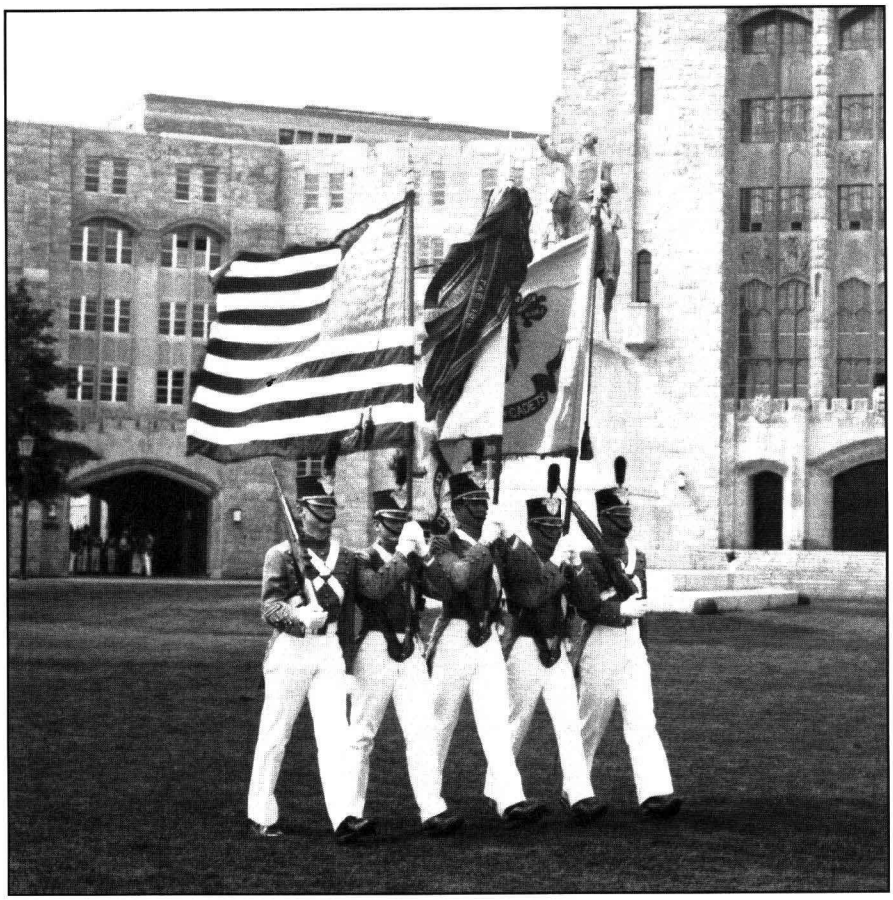
But with the decision came dedication. Thomas Rowland wrote to his mother in Virginia: "We cannot hesitate; we must either make up our minds to fight under the Stars and Stripes . . . or we must resign at once and free ourselves from that solemn oath to serve the United States honestly and faithfully."

Georgian James Barrow wrote to his father: "We are all very anxious. Three of the Geo. cadets have their resignations and there are a great many from other states who have also received their resignations. I wish all the south was as united on the seceding principle as we southern cadets are."

Perceptive Northern cadets recognized the agonizing choice confronting their friends. Henry Du Pont wrote his mother of his friend Pelham that "...it would be his duty to give up his own inclinations and interests if called upon to defend his native state." As late as April 1861, Du Pont defended Pelham's decision to remain at West Point even after Northern newspapers had published news of his commission as a Confederate officer. Rosser's friend George Armstrong Custer also wrote home in defense of his classmates: "Southerners have had insult after insult heaped upon them until they are determined no longer to submit to such aggression."

As Southern states marched toward secession, their West Point sons recognized their duty and quietly obtained the required permission from home to resign. Three weeks after the election of Lincoln, Henry Farley, a red-haired secessionist fire-eater, submitted his resignation effective December 19, 1860. A day after his departure, his state of South Carolina approved an Ordinance of Secession, and all South Carolina cadets immediately resigned, save one.

A few weeks passed with only a few resignations, all submitted by Mississippi cadets following their state out of the Union. Then came a severe blow to Northern hopes that West Point's ranks would hold firm. Charles Ball of Alabama, whose rank as First Sergeant of Company A was the preliminary step to becoming First Captain the following year, tendered his resignation. Word had come that Alabama was about to secede. One of the most popular cadets in the corps, Ball stood for one final roll call, spoke warm parting words in the



cadet mess hall, and then was carried on his classmates' shoulders to the South Dock to begin the long trip home. West Point slept fitfully that night. If a man would sacrifice the Academy's highest military honor in the name of the Confederate cause, then no Southern cadet could be counted for the Union.

In January Alabama, Georgia, and Louisiana seceded. Major P. G. T. Beauregard of Louisiana assumed the position of Superintendent, but was relieved after only five days. The guns of the cadet practice battery were removed. Eight cadets from Alabama and Georgia resigned the first week in February.

By order of President Buchanan, West Point was awakened on Washington's Birthday not by the usual reveille, but by the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner." The cadets were marched to the chapel and listened as a professor read the warning of Washington's Farewell Address to "properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness." Classes were suspended for the day, and a band played patriotic marches in the barracks courtyard while cadets hung out the windows. Overcome by patriotic fervor, Custer abandoned his Southern friends and roared out a cheer for the Stars and Stripes. Rosser replied with a cheer for the South. The high barracks walls resounded as each cadet chose sides with his cheers. West Point was divided as surely as the old Union.

As Lincoln's inauguration approached, the corps was rocked by the rumor that Southern cadets would be made prisoners. On March 7, the remaining Georgia cadets caucused in Young's room and elected to tender their resignations as a body. John Asbury West returned from the meeting and gave the news to his roommate and closest friend, Morris Schaff of Ohio. Schaff sadly helped West pack his trunk, and the two friends walked together without a word to the edge of West Point property near the library. There they threw their arms around each other and parted.

By April only Pelham and Rosser remained from states that had left the Union. Events of mid-April brought a swift and sad climax to the suspense. Provoked by Union attempts to reinforce Fort Sumter, Confederate troops fired upon and subdued the fort. At 4:30 on the morning of April 12, former Cadet Wade Gibbes fired the first mortar shell across Charleston Harbor at Fort Sumter, and Henry Farley followed with the second shot. After hours of bombardment, former Superintendent Beauregard dispatched Samuel Ferguson of the Class of 1857 to receive the surrender of the wrecked fort.

When word of the surrender of Fort Sumter was relayed to West Point, Northern cadets gathered in the room of William Harris, whose father served in the United States Senate. The cadets solemnly sang "The Star Spangled Banner." President Lincoln responded to the bombardment by calling for 75,000 troops to quell the rebellion. Refusing to bear arms against her sister states, the state of Virginia seceded from the Union. By April 22, thirty-two more cadets had resigned, including Pelham and Rosser, both of whom had passed their final examinations and were within two weeks of graduation.

Now only a handful of Southern cadets remained. On May 6, the graduating class was required to take an oath of allegiance to the United States before receiving a diploma and commission. The four younger

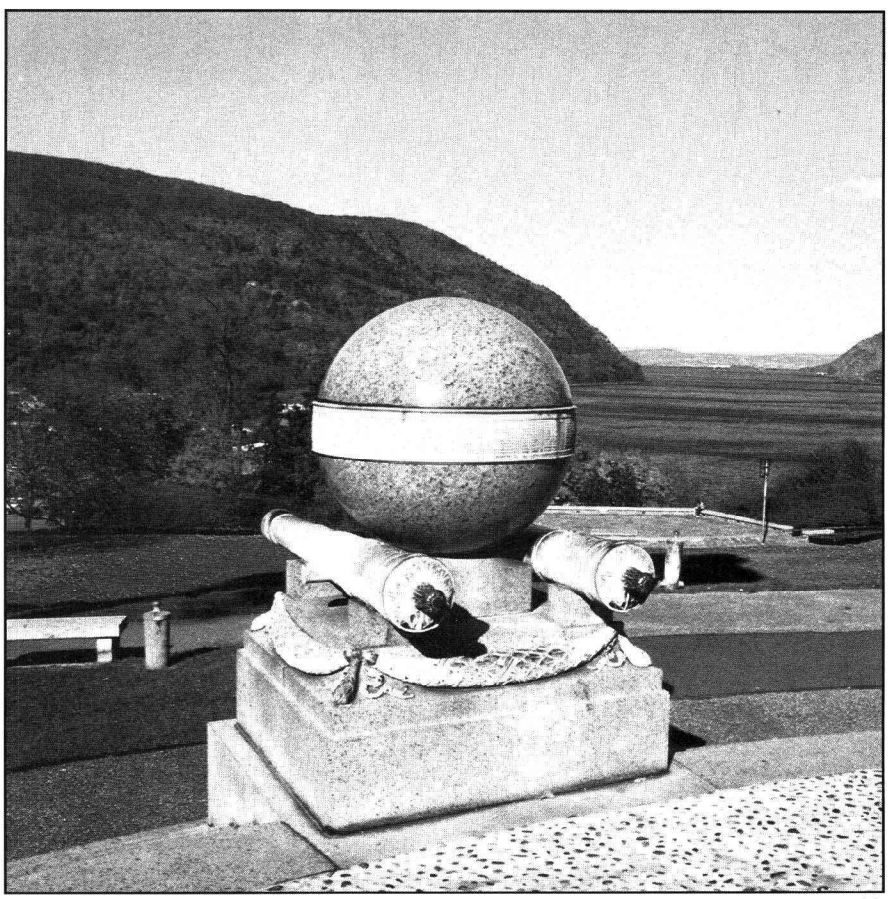
classes crowded into the library in which the Class of 1861 had signed the West Point register five years earlier. None refused the oath. Three weeks later, First Captain Nathaniel Chambliss and Llewellyn Hoxton resigned their new commissions and journeyed home. A classmate later wrote of Chambliss: "True to every relation in life and unswerving in his convictions of right, despite his devotion to the Union and his feelings of loyalty and duty as an American, he could not reconcile himself to taking arms against his home, his family, and his native land. In the prime of manhood—young, strong, brave, handsome, and cultured—he gladly laid all upon the altar of his country and faithfully served throughout the war in defense of his beloved Southland."

Of the 86 Southerners among the 278 cadets in 1860-1861, 65 resigned to serve the Confederacy. That fateful decision led to desperate battlefields and, for a quarter of the cadets, a hero's death. McCreery fell charging at Gettysburg and lay buried in the "land of strangers." Ramseur became the youngest West Pointer to attain the rank of major general in the Confederate army, and died four days after the birth of his child; his friends cut a lock of hair for the daughter he never saw, and wrote his widow: "He died as became a Confederate soldier and a firm believer." Pelham on battlefield after battlefield employed his extraordinary courage and little guns to win victory for the Army of Northern Virginia, until he, too, was killed. Edward Willis and James Barrow both died in front of the troops they commanded, and were buried in their beloved Georgia. James Dearing died defending High Bridge on the final retreat to Appomattox.

Those who survived faced a stark future. Barred from providing for their families in the service for which they had trained, and with their homeland devastated, they bravely built their lives. Morris Schaff wrote of one Southern classmate's character following defeat: "Late one night, while I was on my way from Montgomery to Atlanta just after the war, the ramshackle train stopped at a lonely station. Charles Ball, still in Confederate gray, entered. As soon as he recognized me, he quickened his step and met me with such unaffected cordiality that the car seemed to glow with new lamps. In view of what had gone before I would not have been hurt had he merely bowed and passed on, for I realized how much there had been to embitter. Yet he sat, and we talked over old times half the night. I could not help wondering, as he parted from me, whether I could have shown so much magnanimity had the South conquered the North, and had I come home in rags, to find the old farm desolate. I doubt it."

The annual report by Secretary of War Simon Cameron in June 1861 castigated the resignations of Southern cadets as "extraordinary treachery." The truth lies closer to the words used by Douglas Southall Freeman to describe the best of the Confederate officer corps: "men whom the South had taken generations to build." So indeed were Southern sons at West Point in 1861✪

Bryant Burroughs is a freelance writer from Tuscaloosa, Alabama and and reviews books for the **Southern Partisan** ***Booknotes section.***



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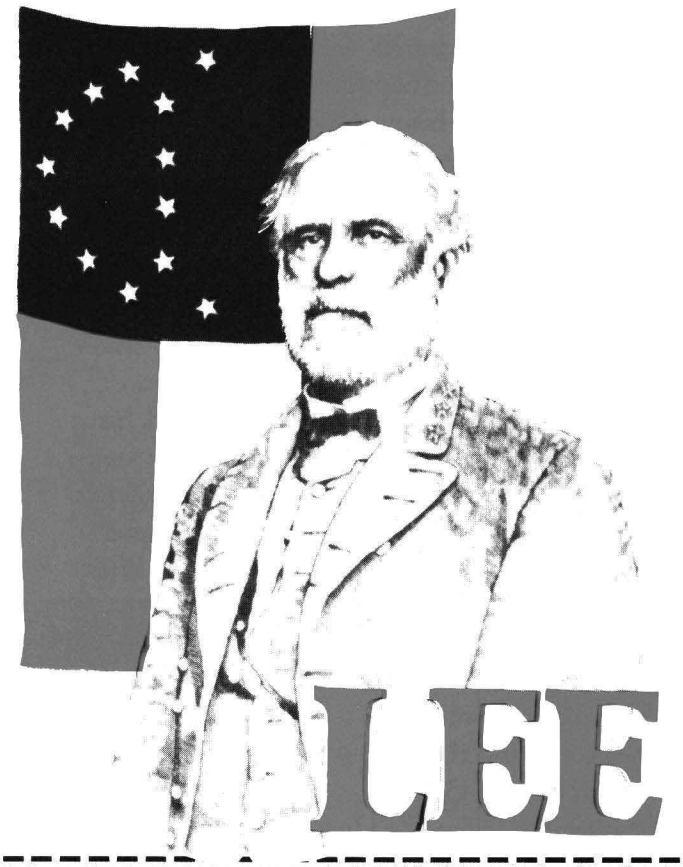

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SOUTHERN SAMPLER

BY WILLIAM F. FREEHOFF

ON LIMITATION IN OFFICE
I would have no objection to senators being limited by law to three terms.

Senator Harry F. Byrd (I-Va), 1982

ON MAN'S ENDURANCE
I decline to accept the end of man...I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail."

William Faulkner

ON WAR
Armies are not called out to dig trenches, to throw up breastworks, to live in camps, but to find the enemy and strike him...

T.J. Jackson, Lt. Gen., CSA

ON RELIGION AND POLITICS
We, the people of the Confederate States...invoking the favor and guidance of Almighty God—do ordain and establish the Constitution for the Confederate States of America.

The Preamble to the Confederate States Constitution

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS
The General hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country.

General George Washington, 1776

ANGUISHED ENGLISH

by Richard Lederer

An Irish Bull Is Always Pregnant

Any implications that the Irish have cornered the bull market are completely unwarranted. Some of the best bulls thrive far from the green fields of Ireland, and Americans have contributed more than their share of taurine eloquence:

• You couldn't get me on Mars if it were the last place on earth.—Erma Cohen
• If Roosevelt were alive today, he'd turn over in his grave. —Attributed to Samuel Goldwyn and umpteen others.
•I wish the Arabs and the Jews would settle their differences like Christian gentlemen. —Attributed to Arthur Ballour and others.
• Football is an incredible game. Sometimes it's so incredible, it's unbelievable.—Tom Landry
• Listen to that! Eighty thousand football fans, and not one of them is making a sound!—Broadcast of NFC football game
• All generalizations are bad.—R. H. Grenier • The food here is terrible, and the portions are too small. —Woody Allen
• Please accept my resignation. I don't want to belong to any club that will have me as a member.—Groucho Marx
• Cocaine isn't habit-forming. I should know—I've been using it for years.—Talullah Bankhead
• If you live to the age of a hundred, you have it made because very few people die past the age of a hundred.— George Burns
• Always be sincere, even when you don't mean it. — Irene Peter
• Live within your income, even if you have to borrow to do so.—Josh Billings
• Wagner's music is better than it sounds.—Mark Twain
• People are more fun than anybody.—Dorothy Parker
• I don't want to be a millionaire . I just want to live like one. —Joe E. Lewis

Winter at Greenpoint

Well, the old mill closed down on us Tuesday night at 6 P.M. for the rest of the week, so as to give us a holiday for Christmas, which came this year on December 25th inst. And so when I came out of the shop and started home it was sunset, and all back to the west was the prettiest I ever did see, with the sky all red and gold and sorter mingly like and the old Blue Ridge Mountains standing out blue and cold, and I knew that we were in for some sort of weather by Christmas.

That morning when I got up I told Mrs. Goodloe that we were going to have a change in the weather by the way my old joints hurt and popped and she said she hoped it would hold off till the children all got in for Christmas, and I said I did, too.

You see, all our children are grown up and gone now. Mary, our oldest girl, is teaching school way down in the lower part of the state, and she wrote us that her bough, or bow, whichever it is, was coming to bring her home in his auto. Then Ruth, our next girl, is married to a Methodist preacher, and they are preaching out in Alabama, and they have two of the cutest little grandchildren I ever saw, and we were sure looking for them, for we hadn't seen them since last Christmas on account of it being so far out to Alabama and on account of his being a Methodist preacher and not having any money.

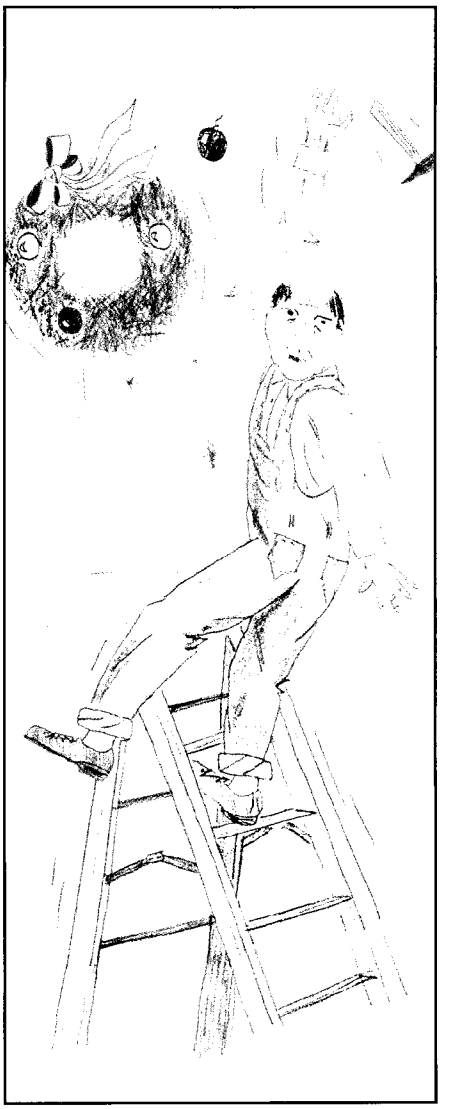
Then the boys are in business and they all get home on Christmas Eve and we have a reunion and several other things about that time.

Well, when I got home Mrs. Goodloe was just taking out the last cake and as soon as I got washed up she called me to see them. She surely did have a fine mess of them, too. She had Chockerlate and Carimel and Jelly and Fruit, both white and black, and Lemon cake, and two just plain cakes. You know, I never could understand why it is that at Christmas we all have to haul off and try to eat ourselves to death. I bet most of the deaths that die along about January first of each year

are on account of eating too much at Christmas. You take old stummucks that have not had anything all the year except plain feed and suddenly you lam them full of cake and pie and cranberries and turkey and dressing and mashed potatoes and candied potatoes and nuts and raisons and such like and it just simply scares the tarout of them an' they lay down and die on your hands.

So we sat down to supper and I saw that Mrs. G. had her hair all frizzed up and I knew that something was going to happen and so she said that she hoped I had not forgot that tonight was the night for us to go to the church and deccerate and practice the Christmas Anthuns and I said no, I had not forgot, but I had, and so as soon as I had shaved and changed my shurt and she had bathed the dishes and sorter primped up herself we lit out and there was a lot of other folks going, too, some to the Methodist and some to the Baptist Church, for we both have Christmas trees on Christmas Eve night. We used to have them on separate nights, but so many folks got to repeating on us till we have to have them the same night now and it nearly runs the Presbyterians crazy trying to decide which one to go to as they do not have any church here.

So when we got to the church they had the old stove red hot and it was kinder shimmying all over and the crowd was there at work, and old Bill Frisbee was there and he sure was having a time, dad- gum his old hide! I never did like old Bill. He's one of these here old flirts. About 6 months ago his poor old wife worked herself into a streak of paralysis or something and died and since then old Bill has been trying to set-up to every girl in Greenpoint and ain't got sence enough to see that they all are making fun of him, but thinks they are all crazy about him. And so there he was all swelled out and the girls all running up to him to ast his advice about things and so they had just about got all the wreaths and streamers made out of cedar and holly and popped corn and they were ready to fasten them up so they wanted one fixed right over the pulpit to the ceiling and they got the step ladder and ast for someone to go up and fasten it, and before any of the young men could say a word out hopped old Bill and grabbed the wreath and the hammer and filled his mouth full of tacks and started up the ladder, and just as he started to make the first stroke the old ladder bucked on him, just like I was hoping and praying it would, and down come Bill, wreath, hammer and all, and old Bill hit on top of the organ and broke off about 25 or 30 little doo-dads off the organ and about the same number off hisself and the old wreath fell down over his head and the hammer hit old Aunt Jane Peasley in the head and knocked her cold and



the ladder hit the stove pipe and knocked it down and the fire was shooting up about 6 feet high and you never saw such a mess in your life.

Well, we got old Bill down off the organ, and then he disclosed the fact that he swallowed the tacks he had in his mouth and so we carried him out to the front steps and left him out there in the cool breeze trying to cough up tacks, and so we went on back and got things straightened out again and then Miss Electa Weeks, our organder and choir leader, said we had better run over the Christmas Anthun and so the choir got together.

There was Miss Iona Ford, Miss Amazing Grace Smith and Mrs. Bill Jones on the soprano; Old Miss Tibitha Ticklewood and Mrs. Goodloe on the alto; Jack Snelling and old Bill Friesbee (who had coughed up about half his tacks by now) on the tenner, and Bub Hanksby and me on the baste, and so we all got a piece of the music and sailed in on that Anthun. It was called Christmas Anthun No. 5. Well, all I've got to say about that Christmas Anthun No. 5 is that the fellow that wrote it up was, and still is, a nut. There wasn't a thing to it but a lot of hallerlujahs and amens. The soprano started off the hallerlujian, and after they had just about hallerlujahed themselves to death, the alto took it up and when they done the same thing quite a spell, the tenners go to hallerlujering like a man with hiccups and they were all of them going it and then the baste got to amening and amened all over the upper end of the school district, and then the thing stopped and it was one of the biggest messes I ever heard. I told old Bub Hanksby his baste sounded like old lady Dillings' old cow, and Bub got mad an' said mine sounded worsn hell, which I do not think he ort to have said in the church, and so Miss Electa said that Christmas Anthun No. 5 would require more time and that we would practice it all next year and get it ready for next Christmas, and so we all fell back on the old stand-bys, "O Little Town," "While Shepherds Watched," "There's a Song in the Air," etc., which are the sweetest and prettiest songs that ever has been written or sung or that ever will be, either, and so we all went home then, the women folks in front all talking about the new preacher and his wife and we old fellows along behind smoking and talking.

And so up at Smith's corner we all disbanded and old Bill said he believed he'd go by old Doc Tatum's and see what old Doc could do about tacks he hadn't got up, and so we all went home just as the old mill clock struck 10 P.M., December 23,1930.

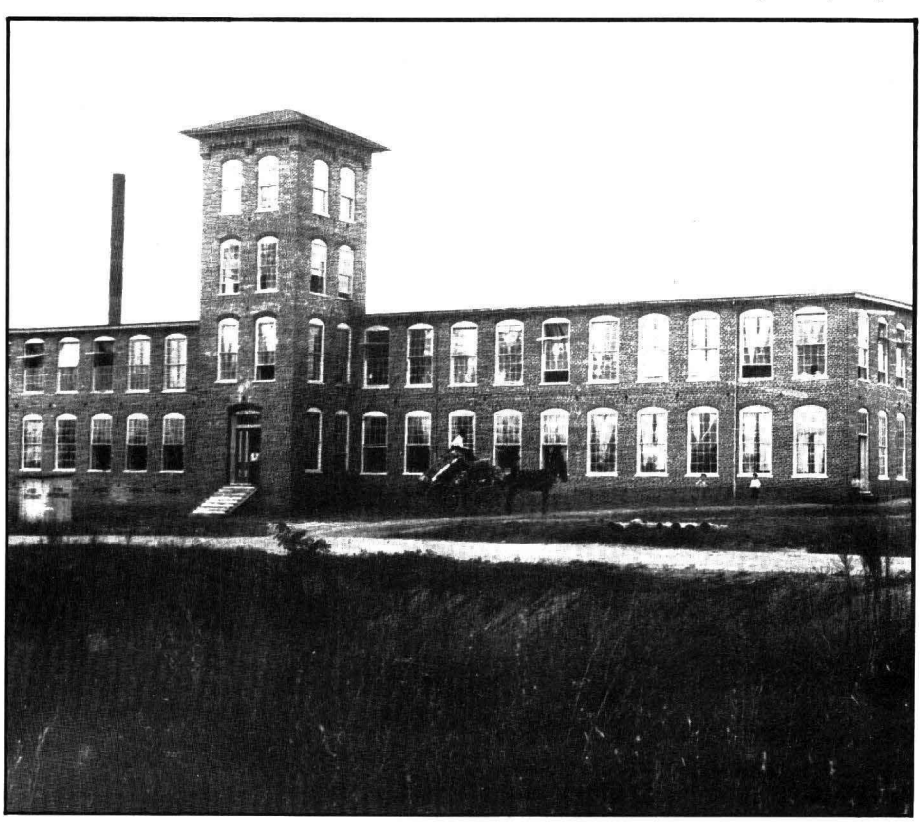
Well, it didn't seem like we had hardly got in bed till Mrs. Goodloe had me up again to help her get

things fixed up. First I had to go down in the cellar and bring up the old cot and take it up in the hallway upstairs for some of the boys to sleep on, and of course, going down the cellar steps I had to run into a lot of jelly an mamalaid and chow-chow that Mrs. G. had set out on the cellar steps and so I fell all over the place and got jelly and stuff all over me and broke 4 or 5 jars of the stuff and skinned one perfect good shin all the way up as far as it went, and if it hadn't been Christmas and the children all coming home I would have sailed in and cussed everything out and Mrs. G. would have got mad and said I done it on purpose, but as it was I limped back upstairs and Mrs. G. got a wrag and wiped most of the mess off, and the rest in, and then got the iodine and fixed up the old shin so as I could make out with it for awhile, and so we both laughed fit to kill about it all, which shows what a blessed thing Christmas is anyhow.

Well, after we got the house all set, Mrs. G. had me to kill two hens and a ruster and one ham and she put the hens and ruster on in the kitchen and took the ham out behind the garage and made a fire under the wash pot and put me out there to see that the ham didn't stick to the pot, and I hadn't been out there but a few minutes before along comes old Pat Murphey and his wife, Kate, all dolled up and going to the county seat to their church.

You see, Pat and Kate are Catholicks—the only ones we have in this village and though they have a mighty funny religion there ain't no better folks ever lived than old Pat and his wife, and nobody ever gets sick or in trouble here in Greenpoint that they ain't there to help all they can. Old Pat says he has to go to church once in ever so often to confess his meaness to the priest, which is why I am glad that I am not a Catherlick as the priest would have me locked up, sure, and I would be ashamed to let him or anybody else know all my meaness—I'm almost ashamed for the dear, good Lord to know it sometimes.

Well, then along comes George Waters, our next door neighbor. Well, I got to braggin to George about the fine little grandchildren coming that morning, and I seen old George's eyes flll up with tears and I seen right away that I had said the wrong thing. You see, George and Sue, his wife, never had but one child, little Paul. He surely was a fine little fellow, too, tho he never was right strong. They lived right next to us and the little fellow use to come over to our house nearly every day and he'd sit out on the steps with me in the evening and talk his baby talk to me and his big blue eyes would just glisten as he'd tell me of things that had happened and I'd look at his pale little face and wish that he had more blood in his vanes then he did have, and most every day I'd see him sitting there on his back porch watching for his daddy at noon, and so along about the middle of August little Paul got sick one day and by Sunday morning he was dead, and it sure did break me all up, too, for I had got used to the little fellow, but what it did to me was nothing to what it did to George and Sue. It like to have run them crazy. And so when I thought about it all I tried to change off on something else, but George just had to tell somebody and so he said that the thought of Christmas coming was about to ruin him and Sue. He said he got to tell somebody and so he said he got to thinking about last Christmas when little Paul was just 3 years old and how happy they all were and he would never forget how on Christmas morning the little fellow got up and saw that old Santa had come and left him a little red wagon and a boy doll and a book and how, as he stood there looking at it all, he just trembled all over like he was having a chill and how they dressed him in the little britches that Mrs. Goodloe had made for him out of one of my old ones, and how happy and proud they all were.



And then, George said, late that evening he took the little fellow out for a little walk and as they were coming back home and turned into the gate little Paul throwed his thin little arms around George's neck and kissed him and said I loves my daddy, and poor old George just busted and had to leave and I stood out there and shed enough tears into that pot to pickle that old ham for life, and I said to myself, well, it certainly does take a whole lot of joy, sorrow, happiness, misery, laughter and tears all mixed up together to make out a life.

So along about 3 P.M. in comes Mary and her bough. He was a fine, humble, meek looking little fellow and acted like he was scared to death. Every time I made a move he kinder drawed up like he was expecting a swift kick or some other form of assault and batter. We went out in the front room and then Mary and her Ma went up stairs to

straighten things out and me and the bough was left to entertain each other and I done my best. I remarked in his hearing about 18 times that we certainly was having a plumb pretty spell of mighty nice, open weather at this time (tho it was looking right then like it was going to start snowing any minute), and he said 17 times that we certainly did have a mighty cozy little village and outside of those few, well chosen remarks, we didn't get anywhere, and I reckon we'd been going on that way till now if the bough hadn't got all excited and mixed up and hauled off and said my piece about the weather which left me nothing else to say.

Well, just about dusk up drove Ruth and her folks in the old Ford and it was hitting on about 2 cyl. and the steam was just a boiling out and all of them covered with mud but mighty happy, and Ruth looked mighty nice in her new clothes and the grandchildren looked like little angels all dolled up in their sweaters and caps, but I noticed Ruth's husband didn't have any new clothes and his old hat looked like it had fought thru the Civil War, and I knew right straight that things had been sorter tight with them down in Alabama. Well, it wasn't long till we were all sitting down to supper—and home again. And say, boy, that was the best Christmas present anybody could have bought me with a million dollars —with those boys and girls of mine and those blessed little old grandchildren and Mary's bough all sitting around that old dining table that they had been raised on and all well and hearty and happy. And how we did laugh and talk and told jokes to each other about things that happened years ago, and Mary's bough got to where he could swallow soft food without choking up, for which I was mighty thankful. And so after supper and after we had got things done up we all lit out to the church, and when we got there everything was about ready to begin and the church was full and it surely did look nice with all the wreaths and fixings and the Christmas tree all decerrated up with electric doo-dads, and so we all sang the Anthuns and the preacher made a mighty nice talk about the first Christmas Anthun that the angels sung two thousands years ago, and he said that if we would only keep our hearts right and our ears cleaned out we could still hear that Anthun of peace and goodwill ringing through the earth and just about the time he finished in comes Bubber Hill, old Aunt Hill's half-wit son, just a bawling because some of the bad boys out in front of the church had told him old Santa Claus wasn't coming this Christmas on account of having the jake paralysis, or something, and we had to call off the extrasizes till we got him pacified and then we give out the presents and most everybody got one or more. Old Bob Jones got the same mustache cup he got for the last 20 years. That old cup has certainly held out well. The preacher got 4 testaments, 16 handkerchiefs, 2 ties, a bottle of beet pickle, and a peck of dried peaches. I got 2 ties, a pair of socks, 1 testament and something done up in a paper, and so after all the presents was give out we all stood and sang, "It Came Upon a Midnight."

And so we went home and when we got out of the church it was snowing a little and so we all went home and I opened the bundle I got off the tree and it was a pair of knit bedroom slippers that poor old blind Aunt Sallie Peasley had knitted for me with her own hands. Say, that sure did make me feel mighty humble and the Lord knows I did appreciate them, but there never has been a foot created that would fit them slippers or them slippers flt, either. They were knitted and sewed onto a paseboard soul and the heel part run out behind just about as far as the foot part run out in front and the main entrance was right in the center and all you had to anchor them to your leg with was a puckering string, and so while I would not have been found dead in the woods with them on, yet I surely did appreciate old Aunt Sallie making them for me.

Well, after so long a time we got the grandchildren off to bed and then the rest of the folks kinder gave out of anything else to say and they went to bed and left just me and the two little stockings hanging on the mantel piece in the room, and so I put on my old hat and went out in the yard to look around like I always do, and it was snowing to beat the band, and I stood out beside the garage and watched her come down, and I thought how well the good Lord had treated me the past year, and I was thankful for it, too. I was thankful that we were all at home together again, well and hearty and broke.

Well, I knew I was getting older and 1930 had been a hard year on me, with money scarce and my joints getting sorter stiff and hurting lots and the old mill curtailing all over herself and me, too, but still there was lots to be happy over as I thought of them 11 cakes, 2 hens, 1 ruster and 1 ham all ready to be eaten up tomorrow, to say nothing of the cranberry sauce and the dressing and gravy.

And so I went back to the house and stood on the back steps just a moment and I saw poor old George and Sue come out on their back porch and they stood together and George had his arm around Sue's waist and they was both standing there looking through the driving snow out toward old Bide-A-While cemetary where, under a whitening mound, their Christmas lay asleep. And so I took off my old hat and I ast God to please kinder soften the thing down for George and Sue, and then I wound it up with the prayer of Tiny Little Tim: God Bless Us Everyone, and then the old mill bell struck the hour and it was 12 o'clock, December 25th, 1930, and it was snowing, and so I went to bed. ✪

"Winter At Greenpoint" was first published forty years ago (in 1952) by the *Textile Tribune* of Spartanburg, South Carolina. Even then, the author, Clinton M. Bissell had been dead for nearly thirty years.

Mr. Bissell wrote under the name "Eph Goodloe" and his stories have about them a true ring. They are authentic Southern stories about life in a textile mill village during the early part of this century and about Southern people of pioneer stock, not far removed from the land.

We have not touched the manuscript. The dialect spelling, the syntax, remain unedited.

LIVING SOUTHERN

Toxic Waste and Other Home Recipes

by Crawfish Hunter

I burned the pork chops the other night. Two luscious double-cut beauties sat in the pan, black as night. Smoked up the whole house, too. Smoke alarm went off. Landlady called to see if everything was okay. I assured her everything was under control, just following an old family recipe. Ah, the aroma of a dinner-gone-wrong brought tears to my eyes, and a gray tint to my lungs. I thought of Mamma and her cooking and thanked my lucky stars that I no longer live with her. You see, while others reminisce about a childhood filled with perfect chicken, lighter-than-air dumplings, and hot apple pie Sunday afternoons, I chuckle at my memory of Brother's return from his first weeks in the army and his rave reviews of mess hall cuisine. Couldn't get enough of that stuff called S.O.S. or those oversized crumbly biscuits smothered in food-color-yellow gravy. It was enough to make the prissy six-year-old-girl I was dream of a career in the U.S. Army.

My daddy succinctly described Mamma's cooking once. Called it target paste. See, Daddy worked on a shooting range and part of the upkeep was patching the targets. They kept giant barrels full of flour, water, glue, and arsenic behind each target and used a big stickful of the goop to fill in the holes. They used arsenic to keep the rats out, but once in a while one would fall in anyway. This stuff was old and lumpy, and was thinned out with some water on occasion. You can imagine the smell. This unheavenly concoction reminded Daddy of mashed potatoes at our house. Mamma made target paste. At my father's request (temporary insanity, induced by toxic leftovers) she made rice pudding once. I watched as she scooped the under-cooked Minute Rice into little depression glass compotes, topped it with instant chocolate Jell-O pudding, and sprinkled it with raisins. This was almost as delicious as the canned green beans she cooked for several hours in the pressure cooker full blast with a big old hunk of salt pork. You could drink those silly beans. She also made a thing called "Hot Dish." Its ingredients changed from day to day but you could usually count on tuna, Tater Tots, and a can of soup.

Now, don't get me wrong, I do feel for those Adult Children of Alcoholics, but my mamma was cold sober when she became Mommy Dearest and said those dreaded words, "Finish your baked orange." Bad Mother's Cooking in the South is an embarrassment to be hidden away like a crazed uncle or a cousin twice removed gone mad. It is unexplainable.

But there is an upside to all of this. Made us tough. My brother was only four years old when he learned how to make French toast. Barely reached the stove. How he grew into such a healthy man after a diet of white bread, egg, and powdered sugar, I will never know. Me, Shucks, I was ahead of my time. I networked. Jeanne Bidwell down the street had a mamma whose cooking was divine. Fudge marble cakes with thick milk chocolate frosting, fried potatoes served up with hot melted cheese and bologna sandwiches, peach bread loaded with cinnamon, pomegranate preserves, and barbecued chicken every Sunday. Oh, and I can't forget those coconut macaroons. It must have hurt Mamma, my running over there for meals, in-between-meals and midnight snacks. My sisters didn't fare so well but made many new friends in the fast food industry. And we all did very well in school and none of us were ever late. Smoke alarm went off every morning at about six (Mamma was trying that toast thing again) and we all skipped breakfast with the excuse of early morning prayers and study. I got to the school early and sat in the library waiting for class to begin, reading. Of course, I'd made a pit-stop at the neighbors for an egg-in-a-bag. All and all, things were working out pretty good until the neighbors moved to Atmore. After several weeks of near starvation I decided to learn to cook and I vowed that I would never be hungry again, nor any of my family.

Cooking is a very useful skill and it can't hurt with catching a man either. I mean, the way to a man's heart is through his stomach (or that general area). But, it wasn't my cooking that caught me a man. It was my Mamma's grease fire. Well actually, it was just a big miscommunication. The recipe said to grease the bottom of the pan and she was just following directions. Oh, and that boy that rescued us was something. He was a big rugged fireman, had the cutest little mustache, called it his cookie duster. Mamma apologized for her lack of talent in the kitchen and somehow segued that she had five daughters and that two of them were single.

"Which two?" he asked.

"The fat one and the ugly one," and they both had a good laugh.

"Can either of them cook?"

Mamma beamed, "The ugly one can."

"Which one is she?"

"The one poised and ready with the garden hose and the box of baking soda. She is such a little Miss Ever-Ready," Mamma said proudly.

He obviously liked a woman well prepared, and he asked me out. Well, he actually invited himself in. Into our home for a good home-cooked meal but only on my promise that Mamma would not be in any way involved in the preparation. He had no desire to put out any fires, internal or external, on his off time with either an antacid or a fireman's ax.

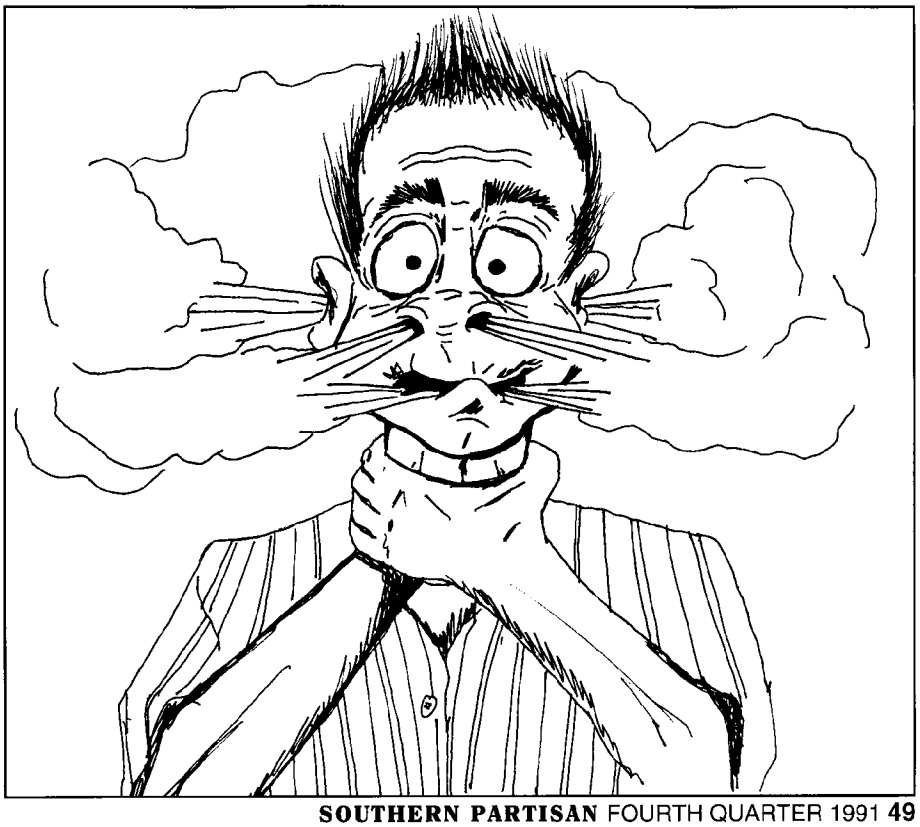
He came to our house for several meals. I had spent hours learning to cook and had fed thousands of my enemies, who (prior to the various life saving techniques and stomach pump procedures as demonstrated by our local emergency room staff, along with the bills for said services) had been dear friends. Now I was a great Southern cook. But, wouldn't you know it, he didn't like grits. I tried everything. I thought I could mesmerize him with visions of an old-fashioned fish fry served up with cole slaw, hushpuppies, ice cold Coca-Cola, a little blue-grass in the background and a big pot of grits. No go. I made them for breakfast with ham and eggs, mixed in some cheese and jalapenos for a supper side dish, added red food color and told him they were pureed beets. He did not like grits. It made me twice as mad to think he hated them when most likely he didn't even taste them. Do you have any idea how fast a fireman eats? Especially when he's on call? He didn't chew, he inhaled.

And he hated mayonnaise. A disdain for mayonnaise in the South may lead one down the road to famine. It's true. Southerners put mayonnaise on everything, unless they put Miracle Whip on it. Sometimes we put it on for taste, sometimes for the sake of appearance, and sometimes because that's the way our Aunt Helen always did it. Guess what? This man hated mayonnaise.

The black-eyed peas were reason for personal anguish on my part. He kept referring to these sweet innocent little things, a representative of many a fine Southern lady, as "beans." Now, any mullet-head knows that whether these black-eyed beauties are to be called "beans" or "peas" was what started the War Between the States. On that account Lee did win. And please note that I did not mention a civil war as there was nothing civil about it. And, if you are reading this, Mr. Fireman, this answer is no— I will not compromise (as you so recommended with that ridiculous notion, that after all, a relationship is nothing more than a series of compromises) and refer to or rename my favorite heritage food that shallow, mindless, generic term you suggested. To call a black-eyed pea a "legume" goes against all I believe and everything my ancestors fought for. He won't be getting any more peas at my house.

You're getting the message. I was down to pecan pie, the fruit salad with the little bitty marshmallows, and fried chicken. But before I could try again he found some little blonde thing down at the tractor pull and that was the end of me as a love interest or a meal ticket. Seemed she could change her own oil, replace spark plugs and never went to the full service. She had all her own tools. She loved her garage. How do you like that? It brought to mind how Daddy used to say, "Every woman excels in at least one room of the house, and your mother's is not the kitchen." They had seven children together and were married for over forty years. Who says kissin' don't last? But then again, who says auto repair does?✪

Anne "Crawfish" Hunter, who grew up in Pensacola, Florida, is trapped in San Francisco, where she is looking for "just one person or event that could possibly be considered normal."



CRITICS BOOKS

20/20 MORAL HINDSIGHT

by Charles Goolsby

A Review of:
RICHARD B. RUSSELL JR., SENATOR FROM GEORGIA
by Gilbert C. Fite (University of North Carolina Press, 1991, 566 pages.)

"We can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress."

Booker T. Washington, speech to the Atlanta Exposition, 1885

Speaking of the current trend toward all-black dormitories, fraternities, and graduation exercises, Coretta Scott King recently noted that "this new separatism is a bad idea." The widow of slain civil rights leader Dr. Martin Luther King castigated today's politically correct segregation in the groves of academe as "wrong when it was forced by white people and, I believe, it is still wrong when it is requested by black people." While most white Southerners today would undoubtedly agree with Mrs. King that black and white Americans "must find a way to live together," most also, I believe, understand and respect the wishes of their black neighbors for churches, Masonic lodges and other civic, cultural, and fraternal institutions they can call their own. Nor do we automatically attribute black proclivity to social separation to any deep-seated hatred towards or prejudice against whites–despite the well-publicized rantings of some black supremacist politicians and scholars. Even such prominent critics of today's apartheid as Mrs. King never go so far as to accuse modern black segregationists of racism. Their ideology is criticized but their motives are never questioned.

But the same rules rarely seem to apply to our fathers and grandfathers, white or black. With 20/20 moral hindsight, today's self-appointed judges of other peoples, in other times and other places pronounce white Southerners who preferred, as Robert Penn Warren put it, "to let the negro sit beneath his own vine and fig tree" guilty of racism of the most malicious and obscurantist variety. A quote or two from white supremacist politicians, like Mississippi's notorious Theodore Bilbo, are usually considered *prima facie* proof of virulent and widespread negrophobia. Black Southerners who followed Booker T. Washington's prescription are invariably denigrated as emasculated "Tom's" or "handkerchief heads," worthy of our pity, but not our respect. We are all-too-accustomed to this kind of self-satisfied moralizing from the common run of American scholars. But it is profoundly disturbing to find it in a scholar of distinction, one who has lived and taught in the South for over forty years.

In *Richard B. Russell Jr., Senator From Georgia*, historian Gilbert C. Fite mars an otherwise original and valuable contribution to American letters with the sort of selective moral indignation Northern historians so often indulge in when the subject turns to Dixie. *Richard B. Russell Jr., Champion of White Supremacy* would be a more descriptive title. Segregation and race relations in the South are the leitmotif of Professor Fite's 556-page work. Though he gives Senator Russell full credit for school lunches, agricultural price supports and subsidies, a strong national defense, and other projects dear to the hearts of New Deal Democrats, the author's overall tone is hostile and accusatory. "Russell was a key participant in many of these revolutionary developments and adjusted to much of the rapid change that characterized the twentieth century," writes Professor Fite. "But he could never abandon his dedication to the South's traditional social values. The issue on which his ideas and attitudes could not be moderated was racial equality and integration. Because of his unwillingness to adjust to, or compromise on, this matter, and his masterminding of the anti-civil rights forces, he had to remain content with regional rather than true national leadership."

One is given to wondering just how many of America's great men could meet Professor Fite's test of "true national leadership." Certainly Lincoln, Jefferson, Madison, and Washington could not.

Reviewing Russell's 1930 gubernatorial campaign, Professor Fite condescends to distinguish Russell from the negrophobic demagogues of the era, noting that "while Russell was a dedicated white supremacist, he was not a rabid racist. He was careful not to use the term 'nigger,' he did not play whites against blacks for political purposes, and he strongly opposed lynching and physical violence towards blacks. He had the elitist, paternalistic view of blacks so common among upper-class whites in the South during that period." Professor Fite accurately reflects the mind of the South that elevated Russell to regional and national leadership. But he carefully drops the historical context out of which the segregated South emerged. And he virtually omits any discussion of white supremacist thinking or racial segregation north of the Mason/Dixon line or elsewhere in the world at that time.

Absent from any of Professor Fite's numerous little homilies on Jim Crow is any reference to the Reconstruction–the period of black minority rule during which over ninety percent of white Southerners were stripped of their basic civil liberties. These were still recent events in the world into which Russell was born. To his generation of Southerners, black equality and political empowerment were inseparably linked with military rule, arbitrary searches, arrest, and detention, confiscatory taxation and pandemic political corruption. It is simply impossible to understand the attitude of white Southerners towards integration without some understanding of this traumatic period. Professor Fite, a historian whose earlier work on American agrarian movements reflects all the qualities of a first rank scholar, should know this.

A study of the Reconstruction era also provides a useful standard with which to judge segregation during the Russell years. It reminds us that much of the segregation that so outrages

Professor Fite was initiated by blacks or the Reconstruction governments they supported. In his book on the Reconstruction, black historian John Hope Franklin points out that "among negroes there continued the process of organization of separate churches that began before the war." He notes that blacks established their own schools, rejected affiliation with white labor unions in preference to their own associations, and "they manifested no desire to involve themselves in the purely social relations of whites as individuals or as groups." Black Reconstruction governments did not overturn state laws prohibiting intermarriage, according to Franklin. "Negroes," he wrote, "as a rule, conceded to the insistence of whites that they were a race apart; and they made little or no attempt to invade social privacies. They did not even attempt to destroy white supremacy except where such supremacy rejected negroes altogether as human beings." That this attitude persisted among blacks until well after World War II is well established by no less an authority than the late Dr. Ralph D. Abernathy, trusted lieutenant of Dr. Martin Luther King. In his colorful autobiography, *And the Walls Came Tumbling Down*, Dr. Abernathy recalls how his own perception of race relations changed only after his military service abroad and the completion of a college education.

Professor Fite treats Russell's opposition to the equality of the races as if it were a personal or regional eccentricity. Yet white supremacy was widely accepted by all classes of people throughout the Western world during most of Russell's lifetime. It was the premise of British, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Italian, Russian, and, yes, even U.S., colonialism.

White supremacy was a central tenet of a number of religious, social and political reform movements originating in the North, from Mormonism to "eugenics" (now politely called "family planning"). At the time Russell first entered public life, the Ku Klux Klan was as powerful in Indiana as it was in Georgia. Malcom X recalls in his autobiography that he had "never set foot in the South" and based everything he knew about white racism on a lifetime spent in the North–particularly Nebraska, Michigan, and New York.

But the real strongholds of white supremacy during the era of Jim Crow were the world's major universities. The disciples of Charles Darwin (who, incidentally, derided Southern fundamentalists holding to the old time religion) for decades taught "nordic" or "aryan" supremacy as unquestioned scientific fact. Books like *The Passing of the Great Race* by Madison Grant, *The Inequality of Human Races* by Arthur de Gobineau, and H.L. Laughlin's *Racial Stocks in Democracy* were required reading for advanced thinkers of the pre-World War II era. Their assumptions informed U.S. immigration laws, the progressives' approach to prison and criminal law reform, the latest trends in education, and much of our foreign policy. Typical of the scientific racism of the era is The *Racial History of Man* by Roland B. Dixon of Harvard University. Dixon attributes "nordic superiority" to their later evolution, longer skulls, and "enhanced brain capacity" in contrast to the more "primitive Mongoloid and negroid" races. In *The Character of Races*, published in 1924, Professor Ellsworth Huntington of Yale notes that "whether the present conception of racial differences is right or wrong, it seems destined to play a great part in the history of the next few generations."

Within just one generation, however, the ideology of class would replace the ideology of race as the reigning dogma of Western intellectuals. The demand for "equality" – loosely defined and vaguely understood – would radically change not only race relations, but our traditional understanding of the purpose of government, the distinction between public and private spheres of activity, the rights of propertyholders, and the meaning of federalism. According to Professor Fite, Southerners like Russell resisted the new thinking for too long.

Timing appears to be everything when Northern historians hand down moral verdicts. Just as slavery does not become a "crisis" until after the last Northern state has discarded the institution, so racial segregation becomes morally intolerable only after it is out of fashion (at least on the surface) in the North. Accordingly, Professor Fite is willing to forgive champions of segregation like Lyndon Johnson who defected at the politically correct moment in history. But Richard Russell was incapable of this. Professor Fite himself explains why: "He [Russell] personified the ancient values of integrity, reliability, fairness, and kindness, and viewed women in a special light. These were values that were losing ground in American life and politics." And he might also have added, these values have lost considerable ground in the writing of biographical history – if the Professor's recent work represents the trend. Professor Fite's indignation comes a little late in his career to be entirely convincing to this reviewer. He has held the Richard Russell history chair at the University of Georgia for the past fifteen years and received much research assistance from the Richard Russell library. Granted that a scholar is not required to entirely approve the attitude and conduct of his patron, he should, at least, refrain from acting as that patron's moral judge.

In the Book of Genesis we are told that Ham, one of the sons of Noah, once found the patriarch naked and unmanned by strong drink. In a spirit of mockery, he told his two brothers, who piously averted their eyes and covered the old man's shame. Perhaps Ham would have done better to wait to tell the story until his father was in the tomb. Then he could have written – with a generous subvention from the family foundation – a hostile biography of Noah and thus disguise impudent mockery as superior morality. Ham would have gained, perhaps, a little more prestige among his contemporaries. But he would not have escaped the old man's curse.

There is much we can learn from Professor Fite's work, without joining in his egregious moralizing, just as we can revere "the Georgia Giant" without adopting his generation's view of racial issues. This is prudence – and morality too. For, Southerners who know their Bible know that we are not required – nor even permitted – to judge our fathers. We are required to honor them.✪

Charles Goolsby, a Texan, is an editorial writer with the Voice of America in Washington, D.C.

book notes

King Edward VIII: The Official Biography.

By Philip Ziegler. Harper Collins, 1990, 654 pages, $29.95.

Edward VIII was born to be King of England. He was the most popular English sovereign to ascend the throne since Shakespeare's "Prince Hal" became Henry V in the fifteenth century. Handsome, confident, extraordinarily gifted in conversation and grace, and idolized by his subjects, he seemed assured of a long and happy reign. But Edward VIII was fatally flawed.

His father, King George V, had predicted of his oldest son, "After I am dead, the boy will ruin himself in twelve months." The old king was right. The reign of Edward VIII lasted from January to December, 1936. Bewitched by a brassy American divorcee, Wallis Warfield Simpson, Edward sacrificed even the throne of England for her. The fact that Mrs. Simpson was an American and twice-divorced could be forgiven, but she was wholly unacceptable to the Royal family, the government, and the English people because of her manners. Faced with the opposition of Parliament and the public to his plans to marry Mrs. Simpson and make her Queen, Edward abdicated the throne for which he had been born. His brother Bertie succeeded him as King George VI.

Ziegler's monumental biography is the result of unrestricted access to the Royal Archives at Windsor and to other papers that will not be opened to the public for many years. Although he clearly favors Edward, Ziegler reveals that the relationship with Wallis was not the romantic love story many have pictured. Dominated by his wife both emotionally and sexually, the former King of England was content in slavish devotion to her.

George VI granted his brother the Royal title of Duke of Windsor but, to Edward's enduring hostility, steadfastly refused to grant a royal title to his brother's wife. Edward wandered Europe and America in a life of wasted idleness, exiled at age 42 from the England he loved, and estranged from the family who loved him.

Ziegler closes with a description of the stirring moment at Edward's funeral in 1972, when his former titles were proclaimed: "King Edward VIII of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Emperor of India." All in the church were reminded of how much he had given up. And all were reminded by the presence of the nervous, black garbed widow why he had made the sacrifice.

——Bryant Burroughs

Whistling Dixie: Dispatches from the South.

By John Shelton Reed. University of Missouri Press, 1990, 241 pages.

John Shelton Reed is a social scientist who loves the South and writes like an angel. In between classes at the University of North Carolina, Reed analyzes Southern culture in his column, "Letters from the Lower Right," published in *Chronicles*. *Whistling Dixie* is a collection of his essays written during the past dozen years, a number of which originally appeared in the *Southern Partisan*.

His perspective is the provincial eye of a Southern conservative who finds Southern resistance to Yankeedom to be in the best interests of both North and South. Reed argues that Southerners serve to remind other Americans "that there are other ways to look at history, other ways to do things in the present, other visions of what the future might be." Despite pronouncements by New South politicians and developers, the South remains Dixie and as such is different from California, New York, and Massachusetts.

Reed's eye ranges far and wide. His sharp wit is a sword that deflates Rebel Yell whiskey owned by a New York company, Atlanta ("I see what a quarter of a million Confederate soldiers died to prevent"), California ("If we can't secede, can we kick them out?"), and developers who pursue "the economic logic that seems to lead inexorably to the paving of any open space close to a major metropolitan area."

His essay entitled "How to Get Along in the South: A Guide for Yankees" should be copied and sneaked on the desks or front doors of Northern migrants across Dixie. This essay announces Reed's Rule for Successful Adjustment to the South: Never think you know what's going on. "Heck," he writes, "half the time Southerners don't know what's

going on here; why should someone who just unloaded his U-Haul?" Reed's Rule has a corollary: "Never, under any circumstances, tell us how it's done up North."

Reed praises the *Southern Partisan* as "a fire-eating quarterly out of Columbia, South Carolina, [that] still stoutly maintains the classic 'Forget, hell!' position. The *Partisan* never apologizes, seldom explains. Its views on current politics could be characterized roughly as New Right, but the issues that really excite it are old ones. Very old ones. Its sections have headings like 'The Smoke Never Clears,' 'From Behind Enemy Lines,' and 'CSA Today,' and its habit of referring to Richmond as 'our nation's capital' lets you know exactly where the *Partisan* is coming from."

—BB

Destroyer of the Iron Horse: General Joseph Johnston and Confederate Rail Transport, 1861-1865.

By Jeffrey N. Lash. Kent State University Press, 1991, 228 pages.

Virginia in 1861 was criss-crossed by rails. The Winchester & Potomac, the Baltimore & Ohio, and the Orange & Alexandria railroads linked Virginia towns with Washington, while the Virginia Central transported to Richmond food from the fertile Shenandoah Valley, and the Richmond & Petersburg Railroad connected the Old Dominion with neighboring Confederate states. These railways were a vital resource of war to the South, in that they provided the means to supply troops in the field, to move sick and wounded soldiers to the rear, and to advance armies rapidly to the front.

Few Confederate commanders effectively employed the Southern railroads as a strategic instrument of war, with the notable exception of Leonidas Polk. Jeffrey Lash analyzes the career of Joseph Johnston, a commander who failed to recognize the critical military significance of rail- way transportation. Johnston failed even though ten years before the war he had coordinated the building of a hundred-mile track from San Antonio to a port on the Gulf of Mexico.

Johnston began well. In July, 1861 he used railroads to move 9,000 soldiers in his Army of the Shenandoah to Manassas Junction in time to help rout the advancing Federal army. Richmond newspapers praised Johnston's strategic use of rail movement and predicted that he would stand "in the rolls of railroad fame." Ten months later he moved 10,000 troops to reinforce Richmond defenses against McClellan's peninsular advance.

But Johnston ultimately failed because he viewed the railroads as an auxiliary resource. Forced by advancing Yankee troops to abandon his lines, Johnston destroyed millions of dollars of rolling stock in order to prevent the railroads from being used by the invaders. But Grant and Sherman did not require the railways to conquer the South. Instead, Johnston deprived Confederate commanders of the capability to supply their soldiers and to concentrate troops at a strategic battle point. Under generals such as Johnston, the South's vital internal railway system was sacrificed.

—BB

A Home-Concealed Woman: the Diaries of Magnolia Wynn Le Guin, 1901-1913.

Edited by Charles A. Le Guin. The University of Georgia Press, 1990, 374 pages, $24.95.

This is the diary of an ordinary woman who wrote of daily life on a Southern farm at the turn of the century. Magnolia Le Guin described herself as "a home-concealed woman" whose life was lived within a radius of thirty miles in the "red old hills of Georgia," and whose life centered around husband and children.

Born in 1869, Magnolia moved at age three into a house on Tussahaw Creek in Wynn's Mill, Georgia, the house in which she lived the remainder of her life. She kept her diaries during her middle years, a decade in which she bore the last five of her nine children and cared for her aging parents. She wrote in whatever was at hand, often in ledger books in which she wound words around the margins of farm accounts. Six books are

extant, along with two copybooks in which she recorded "such things as I find a sweet pleasure to me," including quotations from Billy Sunday, Robert E. Lee, Thomas Jefferson, and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The diaries mention no national events, but are filled with her children, New Hope Church, her love of reading, her joy in the coolness of October, and always, her wearisome work. Like all rural wives and mothers, Magnolia's daily toil was cooking, sweeping house, sewing, cleaning pots, making beds, washing clothes, seeing after babies, and a hundred other chores. She wrote on November 9, 1905: "I am so tired, so tired but must go on and cook supper and churn, wash dishes, cook pumpkin and go to bed." A week later she entered: "Weary, weary. I feel weak when I begin the day and work on and soon become weary." Things had not changed four years later: "I live a busy life—my time is necessarily taken up in work; alot of my time, most of it, in doing drudgery. But we can serve the Lord in doing drudgery..."

In the midst of drudgery Magnolia found joy: a husband who each year brought her the first violets of spring; the cool beauty of October, which she called "the grandest season of all the year to me"; and the growing of her babies into young adults. Her diaries reflect an extraordinary telling of an ordinary life.

——BB

The Fate of Liberty: Abraham Lincoln and Civil Liberties.

By Mark E. Neely, Jr. Oxford University Press, 1991, 278 pages, $18.95

After examining the arrest records of over 14,000 Northern civilians detained by Union military authorities, Mark Neely describes Abraham Lincoln as "a calculating and practical realist." The Great Emancipator issued his famous proclamation even as he was suspending civil liberties for citizens of Union states. His defenders argue that all those arrested were spies, traitors, and disloyal citizens, but the records reveal that most arrests involved partisan politics or the stifling of opposition to the war effort.

Lincoln's primary act was to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, a move undertaken despite the opinion of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Roger Taney and former Justice Joseph Story that only Congress had the constitutional power to suspend the writ. Habeas corpus is the civil liberty that safeguards citizens against arbitrary arrest, and was so hallowed by the Framers that it is the only common law process mentioned in the Constitution. Lincoln first suspended habeas corpus in Maryland after a Baltimore mob blocked passage of Massachusetts troops moving to Washington guard duty, and then he arrested secessionist members of the Maryland legislature to prevent passage of an ordinance of secession. Lincoln and Secretary of State William Seward quickly stretched the zone of suspended civil liberties northward to Bangor, Maine.

The two best known arrests were that of Ohio congressman Clement L. Vallandigham in 1863 and the arrest of Indiana's Lambdin P. Milligan during the re-election year of 1864. Both were obvious attempts to defeat the opposition Democratic Party without ballots.

Lesser known citizens also suffered. Arrests were commonplace of candidates for local political office, editors and publishers of newspapers, and those who expressed anti-war sentiment or discouraged enlistments. A Cincinnati man was arrested for selling stationery containing Confederate mottos. The Reverend J. R. Stewart of Alexandria, Virginia was arrested for omitting from the Episcopal service the prayer for the President of the United States. M. V. Barney of Vermont was arrested for calling the fighting a "damned abolitionist war." Norman Gray was arrested in New York for asking in a recruitment rally why 200,000 Union dead had been sacrificed, and then answering, "the nigger."

Even silence could be criminal. Lincoln warned: "The man who stands by and says nothing, when the peril of his government is discussed, can not be misunderstood." The Great Emancipator who reverently described law as "the political religion" of the nation, ruled over a totalitarian war powers government that denied civil liberties to its own citizens.

ROD GRAGG

THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

From Desert to Bayou: The Civil War Journal and Sketches of Morgan Wolfe Merrick. Edited by Jerry D. Thompson (Texas Western Press, 135 pages, $40.00).

Morgan Merrick was hardly a typical Confederate soldier. He was a native New Yorker who had moved to Texas as a child. He spent much of the war in the Far West Theater; he kept a journal and he liked to sketch. Most importantly, he left behind an illustrated record of life in Confederate Texas and New Mexico. It is a remarkable wartime document, now published by the University of Texas at El Paso, and it provides a unique glimpse into the soldier's daily life on the Confederacy's remote Western frontier. In it, Merrick details conversations with Confederate Col. John R. Baylor, talks with an aged Apache chief, details of Twiggs' surrender in Texas, accounts of battle in Louisiana, bizarre tales of a soldier killed by lightning and cannibalism in the desert. His sketches depict daily life in the dusty Western CSA in memorable detail, and his words reveal colorful details of daily life in a theater of the war neglected by much of the history of the war.

Westward the Texans: The Civil War Journal of Private William R. Howell. Edited by Jerry D. Thompson (Texas Western Press, 184 pages, $40.00).

Had Southern strategy succeeded, the Confederate States of America would have stretched across the continent from Charleston to San Francisco. Gen. Henry Hopkins Sibley was charged with the responsibility of winning the West for the Confederacy and diarist William Howell was a soldier with Sibley. From April of 1861 to July 23, 1862, Private Howell recorded the successes and failures of Sibley's army. From the great expectations that began the campaign to the dusty retreat that ended it, Private Howell was present with pen in hand, preserving an enlightening day by day account of the vanished dream of a transcontinental CSA. Historian Jerry Thompson's expert knowledge of the War in the Far West is demonstrated in an informative introduction and knowledgeable editorship. Combined, Morgan Merrick's account of the Western war and Private Howell's daily observations provide an intimate glimpse of the Confederacy's far flung fight for the frontier.

Diary of a Confederate Soldier: John S. Jackman and the Orphan Brigade. Edited by William C. Davis (University of South Carolina Press, 174 pages, $24.95).

It was appropriately named. The First Kentucky Brigade, CSA, was organized in Tennessee and its members fought for most of the war separated from their relatives, who were out of touch behind enemy lines in Federally occupied Kentucky. So the unit's famous nickname--The Orphan Brigade--was rightly given and all the more so because of its terrible wartime losses. The Orphan Brigade marched off to war 4,000 strong and completed the conflict with barely 600 men in the ranks. The Brigade entered combat at Shiloh and wound up the war opposing Sherman in South Carolina, missing few major battles in the Western Theater along the way. Now, for the first time, a complete soldier's diary chronicling the Orphan Brigade's odyssey is in print. From September of 1861 to May of 1865, the "Orphans" actions are documented by John Jackman, a brigade adjutant clerk. Battles, burials, camplife and marches are recorded in this full and enlightening first-person account. Not only is this a valuable account of the Orphan Brigade, it is a superb insiders view of the life of Johnny Reb.

The Road to Glory: Confederate General Richard Ewell. By Samuel J. Martin (Guild Press of Indiana, 432 pages, $24.95).

He was one of Lee's highest ranking and most controversial lieutenants. Some Southerners believed Gen. Richard Ewell's actions at Gettysburg cost the South the battle. Courageous, sometimes brilliant, undeniably eccentric, Ewell was one of the Confederacy's most colorful commanders. Now his life is chronicled for the first time in recent years by this new biography. It is the result of a ten-year study by author Samuel Martin, a retired businessman turned biographer. It is a thorough, conventional study, marked by rich detail and generally superior writing. However, Ewell seldom simply speaks in this work, instead he "barks," "growls," and "groans." Throughout, Confederate troops are referred to distantly as Rebels.

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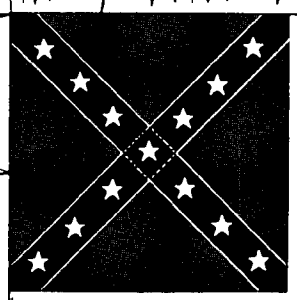

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